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Shakespeare

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SHAKSPEARE'S TRAGEDY
OF
KING RICHARD II.

WITH EXPLANATORY AND ILLUSTRATIVE NOTES

AND

NUMEROUS EXTRACTS FROM THE HISTORY ON WHICH THE PLAY IS FOUNDED.

Adapted for Scholastic or Private Study.

BY THE REV. JOHN HUNTER, M.A.

Instructor of Candidates for the Civil Service and other Public Examinations ; and
Formerly Vice-Principal of the National Society's Training College, Battersea.

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PREFACE.

THE first edition of Shakspeare's King Richard II., and the most accurate that has come down to us, is the quarto of 1597. Three other quarto editions preceded the folio of 1623, viz. : a second edition in 1598, a third in 1608, and a fourth in 1615.

In the third edition the play was enlarged, as the title tells us, 'with new additions of the Parliament sceane, and the Deposing of King Richard.' The first folio, however, is our best authority for the text of this part of the play, which consists of about 160 lines in Act IV., beginning with the fourth line of p. 90, 'May it please you,' &c., and ending with the sixth line of p. 96, 'That rise thus nimbly,' &c. The *new additions* had probably been a portion of the play as originally written, and their omission in stage performance, and in the first two quartos, suggested by the fear of offending Elizabeth; for that queen was very sensitive on the subject of Richard's deposition, on account of the frequent attempts made by the King of Spain and other foreign powers to incite her subjects to depose her.

Of the precise date of the composition of this play we have no satisfactory external evidence. But Malone's conjecture of 1593 corresponds well enough with the internal evidence which proves the play to have been a much earlier offspring of the poet's genius than the first part of King Henry IV. Of the purely historical plays, Richard II. should perhaps be accounted the best; but it has several blemishes not belonging to the productions of Shakspeare's matured powers. He here indulges too copiously in rhymes and in word-play, overstretches too often the significance of things, and lingers too long in fanciful comparisons.

It is tolerably certain that Richard II. was the subject of an older play than Shakspeare's. We are informed that Sir Gillie Merrick, who took part in the insurrection of the Earl of Essex in 1601, caused to be acted, on the day preceding the rebellion, an obsolete tragedy called 'the Play of Deposing King Richard the Second;' and we are further informed that when Merrick was told 'by one of the players, that the play was old, and they should have loss in playing it, because few would come to it, there were forty shillings extraordinary given for it; and so it was played.' We cannot reasonably suppose that this was Shakspeare's tragedy; for, besides its being described as an old, neglected play, his manner of treating the subject of Richard's deposition was not at all adapted to promote the aim of the conspirators.

Dr. Forman, in his MS. diary, records his having seen Richard II. played at the Globe theatre in 1611; but his details of the representation belong to quite another play than Shakspeare's; and from his making no mention of

the deposing of the king, it seems to have been a different play from the obsolete tragedy above referred to.

The facts in Shakspeare's play belong to the last two years of Richard's reign, and were derived from Holinshed's History. In the extracts which we have given from that History, it will be seen how closely the poet followed his favourite chronicler.

SHAKSPEARE'S KING RICHARD II.

(1.) The coronation of Edward III. upon St. Edward's Day, the Black Prince, born 1313; died shortly after his father's death, 1371. (2.) Thomas of Lancaster, who died young. (3.) Thomas of Arundel, Duke of Gloucester; born 1351; died 1381. (4.) John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster; born 1340; died 1399. (5.) Henry of Langley, Earl of Salisbury and Duke of York; born 1345; died 1402. (6.) William of Wyke, who died young. (7.) Thomas of Woodstock, Earl of Salisbury, born and Duke of Gloucester; born 1367; murdered at Calais, 1397.

(8.) Edmund, the Black Prince, married the heiress of Gascony, the Duke of Aquitaine, daughter of Edward, Earl of York, 1361. He was slain at the battle of Poitiers, 1356. He was the father of the Duke of York, who died before his father, and Richard, who succeeded Edward III. as King Richard II.

(9.) John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, son of the Black Prince, married the heiress of Castile, and succeeded his grandfather in 1371. He was born 1340, and was therefore only eleven years old when his father died. During his minority, the administration of the kingdom was in the hands of John of Gaunt, Edmund, Earl of Arundel, and other peers.

Richard was deposed in 1399, and died in 1399. The play opens in 1391, and is completed with only the last two years of Richard's reign.

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 favorite character.

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 the History in the details of the story, but in the
 main events, and in the character of the principal
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HISTORICAL NOTES

ILLUSTRATIVE OF

SHAKSPEARE'S KING RICHARD II.

(i.) THE seven sons of EDWARD III. were (1) EDWARD, *the Black Prince*; born 1330; died about a year before his father, 1376. (2) WILLIAM of *Hatfield*, who died young. (3) LIONEL of *Antwerp*, Duke of Clarence; born 1338; died 1368. (4) JOHN of *Ghent* or *Gaunt*, Duke of Lancaster; born 1340; died 1399. (5) EDMUND of *Langley*, Earl of Cambridge and Duke of York; born 1341; died 1402. (6) WILLIAM of *Windsor*, who died young. (7) THOMAS of *Woodstock*, Earl of Buckingham and Duke of Gloster; born 1355; murdered at Calais, 1397.

(ii.) EDWARD, *the Black Prince*, married his cousin Joan, the 'Fair Maid of Kent,' daughter of Edmund, Earl of Kent, and widow of Sir Thomas Holland. By her he had two sons, Edward, who died before his father, and Richard, who succeeded King Edward III. as King Richard II.

(iii.) KING RICHARD II., son of the Black Prince, survived his father, and succeeded his grandfather in 1377. He was born at Bordeaux, 1366, and was therefore only eleven years old at his accession. During his minority, the administration of the kingdom was in the hands of John of Gaunt, Edmund, Earl of Cambridge, and other peers.

Richard was deposed in 1399, and died in 1400. The play opens in 1398, and is occupied with only the last two years of Richard's reign.

His first queen was Anne of Bohemia, daughter of Charles IV., Emperor of Germany; she died in 1394. His second queen, Isabel, daughter of Charles VI. of France, appears to have been under twelve years of age at the time of this play, though Shakspeare represents her as an adult. After Richard's death she was sent back to France, according to a covenant for her restitution in the event of her being widow before the age of twelve.

(iv.) JOHN *of Gaunt* was so named from Ghent, where he was born in 1340. He married Blanche, daughter of Henry, the first *duke* of Lancaster, and acquired, in right of his wife, the immense estates of the duchy. By this marriage he had, with other children, Henry Bolingbroke and Elizabeth. The latter was married to John Holland, Earl of Huntingdon and Duke of Exeter.

John of Gaunt was thrice married. His second wife was Constance, daughter of Peter the Cruel, King of Castile and Leon; and his third was Catherine Swinford. He died in 1399 at Ely Place, the London residence of the Bishop of Ely, in Holborn.

As Duke of Lancaster, John of Gaunt's London residence was the noble palace of the Savoy, the ancient seat of Peter, Earl of Savoy, uncle to Eleanor, Henry III.'s queen, by whom it was inherited; and she gave it to her second son Edmund, afterwards Earl of Lancaster. It was sacked and burnt by the rebels under Wat Tyler in 1381; and was rebuilt and endowed as 'The Hospital of the Savoy,' by Henry VII.

(v.) EDMUND *of Langley*, Duke of York, was born at Langley, near St. Alban's, in 1441. He was a man of an easy, indolent temper, loyal, but weak-minded, more given to pastime than to business. The king, however, on his going into Ireland, made the Duke of York viceroy; and the latter had to lead an army against Bolingbroke, who returned from exile during the king's absence. He died at his palace at King's Langley, in 1402. Edmund's first wife, Isabel, daughter of Peter the Cruel, was the mother of the Aumerle of this play; and Shakspeare assumes her to have been still living; but she died in 1394. The existing Duchess of York was a second wife, Joan Holland, daughter of Thomas, Earl of Kent.

The Dukes of York and Lancaster were the only surviving sons of Edward III. at the time of this play.

(vi.) THOMAS of *Woodstock*, Duke of Gloster, married Eleanor Bohun, daughter of Humphrey, Earl of Hereford. He inherited with her the office of Lord High Constable, and the noble residence of Plashy Castle, near Dunmow in Essex. He took a leading part in the opposition to Richard's favourites, and, being accused of treason by the Dukes of Aumerle and Norfolk, he was arrested at Plashy by the king, and secretly conveyed to Calais, where he was smothered, in 1397, by the servants of Norfolk, who was then Earl of Nottingham and Governor of Calais.

The Duchess of Gloster, after her husband's death, retired to Barking Abbey, and died there in 1399. Shakspeare supposed her death to have occurred at Plashy.

(vii.) HENRY *Bolingbroke* was so called from Bolingbroke Castle, Lincoln, where he was born, 1366. He was of the same age as the king. He was successively Earl of Derby, Duke of Hereford, and (on the death of his father, John of Gaunt) Duke of Lancaster.

His first wife was Mary Bohun, daughter of Humphrey, Earl of Hereford. She having died in 1394, Bolingbroke, during his exile, would have obtained in marriage the only daughter of the Duke de Berri, uncle to the French king, Charles, had not Richard sent the Earl of Salisbury to poison the mind of Charles against Bolingbroke.

The quarrel between Bolingbroke and the Duke of Norfolk is very inadequately explained by the old historians. It is, however, not improbable that as these dukes were suspected of being in the popular interest against the king's administration, he endeavoured to get rid of them by craftily procuring Hereford to bring an *appeal*, or accusation of treason, against Norfolk.

Bolingbroke was not the rightful heir to the throne at the death of Richard II., but Edmund Mortimer, a descendant of Lionel, Duke of Clarence; the Duke's only child, Philippa Plantagenet, having married Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March; and their eldest son, Roger Mortimer, being father of Edmund Mortimer, the rightful heir, but only seven years old at the

time of Richard's forced abdication. Hume says, the friends of Edmund Mortimer 'consulted his safety by keeping silence with regard to his claim.'

(viii.) EDWARD, Earl of Rutland and Duke of Albemarle, or Aumerle, a town in Normandy, was eldest son of the Duke of York. He joined Richard in the expedition to Ireland, but afterwards deserted to Bolingbroke. Aumerle was an unprincipled man, and did not prove loyal in the reign of Richard's successor. He was deprived of his dukedom by an act of Henry's first parliament, though allowed to retain his earldom of Rutland. He is the Duke of York in the play of *King Henry V.*

PASSAGES ILLUSTRATIVE
OF
SHAKSPEARE'S KING RICHARD II.

ABRIDGED FROM HOLINSHED'S 'HISTORY OF ENGLAND.' *

'IN the parliament holden at Shrewsbury, Henry, duke of Hereford, accused Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk, of certain words he should utter in talk had betwixt them, as they rode together, lately before, betwixt London and Brainford, sounding highly to the king's dishonour. And, for further proof thereof, he presented a supplication to the king, wherein he appealed the duke of Norfolk in field of battle, for a traitor false and disloyal to the king, and enemy unto the realm. This supplication was read before both the dukes, in presence of the king; which done, the duke of Norfolk took upon him to answer it, declaring that whatsoever the duke of Hereford had said against him, other than well, he lied falsely, like an untrue knight as he was. And when the king asked of the duke of Hereford what he said to it, he taking his hood off his head, said: My sovereign lord, even as the supplication which I took you importeth, right so I say for truth, that Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk, is a traitor, false and disloyal to your royal majesty, your crown, and to all the states of your realm.

'Then the duke of Norfolk being asked what he said to this, he answered: Right dear lord, with your favour that I make answer unto your cousin here, I say (your reverence saved)

* In these selections most of the old spelling has been modernised.

that Henry of Lancaster, duke of Hereford, like a false and disloyal traitor as he is, doth lie, in that he hath or shall say of me otherwise than well. No more, said the king; we have heard enough; and herewith commanded the duke of Surry, for that turn marshal of England, to arrest in his name the two dukes. The duke of Lancaster, father to the duke of Hereford, the duke of York, the duke of Aumerle, constable of England, and the duke of Surry, marshal of the realm, undertook as pledges body for body for the duke of Hereford; but the duke of Norfolk was not suffered to put in pledges, and so under arrest was led into Windsor Castle, and there guarded with keepers.

‘The king commanded the dukes of Aumerle and Surry, the one being constable and the other marshal, to go unto the two dukes, appellant and defendant, requiring them on his behalf to grow to some agreement; and for his part he would be ready to pardon all that had been said or done amiss betwixt them, touching any harm or dishonour to him or his realm; but they answered both assuredly, that it was not possible to have any peace or agreement made betwixt them. When he heard what they had answered, he commanded that they should be brought forthwith before his presence, to hear what they would say.

‘Herewith an herald in the king’s name, with loud voice commanded the dukes to come before the king, either of them to show his reason, or else to make peace together without more delay.

‘When they were come before the king and lords, the king spake himself to them, willing them to agree and make peace together. The duke of Norfolk with due reverence hereunto answered, that it could not be so brought to pass, his honour saved.

‘Then the king asked of the duke of Hereford what it was that he demanded of the duke of Norfolk, and what is the matter that ye cannot make peace together and become friends.

‘Then stood forth a knight that, asking and obtaining licence to speak for the duke of Hereford, said: Right dear and sovereign lord, here is Henry of Lancaster, duke of Hereford and earl of Derby, who saith, and I for him likewise say, that

Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk, is a false and disloyal traitor to you and your royal Majesty, and to your whole realm; and likewise the duke of Hereford saith, and I for him, that Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk, hath received 8,000 nobles to pay the soldiers that keep your town of Calais, which he hath not done as he ought; and furthermore the said duke of Norfolk hath been the occasion of all the treason that hath been contrived in your realm for the space of these eighteen years, and by his false suggestions and malicious counsels, hath caused to die and to be murdered your right dear uncle, the duke of Gloucester, son to King Edward.

'Moreover, the duke of Hereford saith, and I for him, that he will prove this with his body, against the body of the said duke of Norfolk, within lists.

'The king herewith waxed angry, and asked the duke of Hereford if these were his words; who answered, Right dear lord, they are my words, and hereof I require right, and the battle against him.

'There was a knight also that asked licence to speak for the duke of Norfolk, and obtaining it, began to answer thus: Right dear sovereign lord, here is Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk, who answereth and saith, and I for him, that all that Henry of Lancaster hath said and declared (saving the reverence due to the king and his council) is a lie; and the said Henry of Lancaster hath falsely and wickedly lied as a false and disloyal knight, and both hath been and is a traitor against you, your crown, royal majesty, and realm.

'The king then demanded of the duke of Norfolk if these were his words, and whether he had any more to say. The duke of Norfolk then answered for himself: Right dear sir, true it is that I have received so much gold to pay your people of the town of Calais, which I have done; and I do avouch that your town of Calais is as well kept at your commandment as ever it was any time before, and that there never hath been by any of Calais any complaint made unto you of me. Right dear and my sovereign lord, for the voyage that I made into France, about your marriage, I never received either gold or silver of you, nor yet for the voyage that the duke of Aumerle and I made into Almaine, where we spent great

treasure. Marry, true it is that once I laid an ambush to have slain the duke of Lancaster that there sitteth ; but, nevertheless, he hath pardoned me thereof, and there was good peace made betwixt us, for the which I yield him hearty thanks. This is that which I have to answer, and am ready to defend myself against mine adversary: I beseech you therefore of right, and to have the battle against him in upright judgment.

‘ After this, when the king had communed with his council a little, he commanded the two dukes to stand forth, that their answers might be heard. The king then caused them once again to be asked if they would agree and make peace together, and they both flatly answered that they would not; and withal the duke of Hereford cast down his gage, and the duke of Norfolk took it up. The king perceiving this demeanour betwixt them, sware by St. John Baptist that he would never seek to make peace betwixt them again. And therewith Sir John Bushy, in the name of the king and his council, declared that the king and his council had commanded and ordained, that they should have a day of battle appointed them at Coventry. Here writers disagree about the day that was appointed; for some say it was upon a Monday in August, other upon St. Lambert’s day, being the 17th of September, other on the 11th of September. But true it is, that the king assigned them not only the day, but also appointed them lists and place for the combat, and thereupon great preparation was made, as to such a matter appertained.

‘ At the time appointed the king came to Coventry, where the two dukes were ready according to the order prescribed therein, coming thither in great array, accompanied with the lords and gentlemen of their lineages. The king had caused a sumptuous scaffold or theatre and royal lists there to be erected and prepared.

‘ The duke of Aumerle that day being high constable of England, and the duke of Surry marshal, placed themselves betwixt them, well armed and appointed, and when they saw their time, they first entered into the lists, with a great company of men apparelled in silk sendal, embroidered with silver both richly and curiously, every man having a tipped staff to keep the field in order.

'About the hour of prime came to the barriers of the lists the duke of Hereford, mounted on a white courser barded with green and blue velvet embroidered sumptuously with swans and antelopes of goldsmith's work, armed at all points. The constable and marshal came to the barriers, demanding of him what he was: he answered, I am Henry of Lancaster, duke of Hereford, which am come hither to do mine endeavour against Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk, as a traitor untrue to God, the king, his realm, and me. Then incontinently he sware upon the holy evangelists that his quarrel was true and just. Then he entered into the lists, and descended from his horse, and set him down in a chair of green velvet at the one end of the lists, and there reposed himself, abiding the coming of his adversary.

'Soon after him entered into the field with great triumph King Richard, accompanied with all the peers of the realm. The king had there above ten thousand men in armour, lest some fray or tumult might rise amongst his nobles by quarrelling or partaking. When the king was set in his seat, a king-at-arms made open proclamation, prohibiting all men in the name of the king, and of the high constable and marshal, to enterprise or attempt to approach or touch any part of the lists upon pain of death, except such as were appointed to order or marshal the field. The proclamation ended, another herald cried, Behold here Henry of Lancaster, duke of Hereford, appellant, which is entered into the lists royal to do his devoir against Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk, defendant, upon pain to be found false and recreant.

'The duke of Norfolk hovered on horseback at the entry of the lists, his horse being barded with crimson velvet embroidered richly with lions of silver and mulberry trees; and when he had made his oath before the constable and marshal, that his quarrel was just and true, he entered the field manfully, saying aloud, God aid him that hath the right! and then he departed from his horse, and sat him down in his chair, which was of crimson velvet, curtained about with white and red damask. The lord marshal viewed their spears to see that they were of equal length, and delivered the one spear himself to the duke of Hereford, and sent the other unto the

duke of Norfolk by a knight. Then the herald proclaimed that the traverses and chairs of the champions should be removed, commanding them on the king's behalf to mount on horseback, and address themselves to the battle.

'The duke of Hereford was quickly horsed, and when the trumpet sounded set forward courageously towards his enemy six or seven paces. The duke of Norfolk was not fully set forward, when the king cast down his warder, and the heralds cried Ho, ho! Then the king caused their spears to be taken from them, and commanded them to repair again to their chairs, where they remained two long hours, while the king and his council deliberately consulted what order was best to be had in so weighty a cause.

'Finally, after they had devised and fully determined what should be done therein, the heralds cried silence; and Sir John Bushy, the king's secretary, read the sentence and determination of the king and his council, in a long roll, the effect whereof was, that Henry duke of Hereford should within fifteen days depart out of the realm, and not to return before the term of ten years were expired, except by the king he should be repealed again, and this upon pain of death; and that Thomas Mowbray duke of Norfolk, because he had sown sedition in the realm by his words, should likewise avoid the realm, and never to return again into England, nor approach the borders or confines thereof, upon pain of death; and that the king would stay the profits of his lands till he had levied thereof such sums of money as the duke had taken up of the king's treasurer, for the wages of the garrison of Calais, which were still unpaid. When these judgments were once read, the king called before him both the parties, and made them to swear, that the one should never come in place where the other was, willingly, nor keep any company together in any foreign region; which oath they both received humbly, and so went their ways. The duke of Norfolk departed sorrowfully out of the realm into Almaine, and at the last came to Venice, where he for thought and melancholy deceased. The duke of Hereford took his leave of the king at Eltham, which there released four years of his banishment. So he took his journey over to Calais, and from thence went into France, where he remained.

'The duke of Lancaster departed out of this life at the bishop of Ely's Place in Holborn, and lieth buried in the cathedral church of Saint Paul in London, on the north side of the high altar, by the Lady Blanch his first wife. The death of this duke gave occasion of increasing more hatred in the people of this realm toward the king; for he seized into his hands all the goods that belonged to him, and also received all the rents and revenues of his lands, which ought to have descended unto the duke of Hereford by lawful inheritance, in revoking his letters patent which he had granted to him before, by virtue whereof he might make his attorneys-general to sue livery for him, of any manner of inheritances or possessions that might from thenceforth fall unto him, and that his homage might be respited, with making reasonable fine: whereby it was evident that the king meant his utter undoing.

'This hard dealing was much misliked of all the nobility, and cried out against of the meaner sort. But, namely, the duke of York was therewith sore amoved, who before this time had borne things with so patient a mind as he could, though the same touched him very near, as the death of his brother the duke of Gloucester, the banishment of his nephew the said duke of Hereford, and other more injuries in great number, which, for the slippery youth of the king, he passed over for the time, and did forget as well as he might.'

'It fortun'd at the same time in which the duke of Hereford or Lancaster, whether ye list to call him, arrived thus in England, the seas were so troubled by tempests, and the winds blew so contrary for any passage to come over forth of England to the king, remaining still in Ireland, that for the space of six weeks he received no advertisements from thence: yet at length, when the seas became calm, and the wind once turned anything favourable, there came over a ship, whereby the king understood the manner of the duke's arrival; whereupon he meant forthwith to have returned over into England, to make resistance against the duke; but through persuasion of the duke of Aumerle (as was thought) he stayed till he might have all his ships and other provision fully ready for his passage.

‘In the meantime he sent the earl of Salisbury over to England, to gather a power together, by help of the king’s friends in Wales and Cheshire, with all speed possible, that they might be ready to assist him against the duke upon his arrival, for he meant himself to follow the earl within six days after. The earl passing over into Wales, landed at Conway, and sent forth letters to the king’s friends, both in Wales and Cheshire, to levy their people, and to come with all speed to assist the king; whose request with great desire and very willing minds they fulfilled, hoping to have found the king himself at Conway; insomuch that within four days’ space there were to the number of forty thousand men assembled, ready to march with the king against his enemies, if he had been there himself in person.

‘But when they missed the king, there was a bruit spread amongst them, that the king was surely dead; which wrought such an impression and evil disposition in the minds of the Welshmen and others, that, for any persuasion which the earl of Salisbury might use, they would not go forth with him till they saw the king: only they were contented to stay fourteen days, to see if he should come or not; but when he came not within that term, they would no longer abide, but scaled and departed away.’

‘King Richard being thus come unto the castle of Flint, and the duke of Hereford being still advertised from hour to hour, by posts, how the earl of Northumberland sped, the morrow following he came thither, and mustered his army before the king’s presence, which undoubtedly made a passing fair show, being very well ordered by the lord Henry Percy, that was appointed general, or rather as we may call him master of the camp, under the duke, of the whole army.

‘There were come already to the castle, before the approaching of the main army, the archbishop of Canterbury, the duke of Aumerle, the earl of Worcester, and divers other. The archbishop entered first, and then followed the other, coming into the first ward.

‘The king that was walking aloft on the brays of the walls, to behold the coming of the duke afar off, might see that the

archbishop and the other were come, and, as he took it, to talk with him; whereupon he forthwith came down unto them, and beholding that they did their due reverence to him on their knees, he took them up, and drawing the archbishop aside from the residue, talked with him a good while; and, as it was reported, the archbishop willed him to be of good comfort, for he should be assured not to have any hurt, as touching his person; but he prophesied not as a prelate, but as a Pilate, as by the sequel it well appeared.

'After that the archbishop had now here at Flint communed with the king, he departed, and taking his horse again, rode back to meet the duke, who began at that present to approach the castle, and compassed it round about, even down to the sea, with his people arranged in good and seemly order at the foot of the mountains; and then the earl of Northumberland, passing forth of the castle to the duke, talked with him a while in sight of the king, being again got up to the walls, to take better view of the army, being now advanced within two bow shots of the castle, to the small rejoicing, ye may be sure, of the sorrowful king.

'The earl of Northumberland returning to the castle, appointed to the king to be set to dinner (for he was fasting till then), and after he had dined the duke came down to the castle himself, and entered the same all armed, his bassenet only excepted, and being within the first gate, he stayed there till the king came forth of the inner part of the castle unto him.

'The king, accompanied with the bishop of Carlisle, the earl of Salisbury, and Sir Stephen Scrope, knight, who bare the sword before him, and a few other, came forth into the utter ward, and sat down in a place prepared for him. Forthwith as the duke got sight of the king, he showed a reverent duty, as became him, in bowing his knee; and coming forward, did so likewise the second and third time, till the king took him by the hand, and lift him up, saying, Dear cousin, ye are welcome. The duke, humbly thanking him, said, My sovereign lord and king, the cause of my coming at this present, is (your honour saved) to have again restitution of my person, my lands, and heritage, through your favourable licence. The king hereunto answered, Dear cousin, I am ready to accom-

plish your will, so that ye may enjoy all that is yours, without exception.'

'There was also contained in the said bill [of accusation against Aumerle], that Bagot had heard the duke of Aumerle say, that he had liefer than twenty thousand pounds that the duke of Hereford were dead, not for any fear he had of him, but for the trouble and mischief that he was like to procure within the realm.

'After that the bill had been read and heard, the duke of Aumerle rose up and said, that as touching the points contained in the bill concerning him, they were utterly false and untrue, which he would prove with his body, in what manner soever it should be thought requisite.

'On the Saturday next ensuing, the lord Fitzwater herewith rose up, and said to the king, that where the duke of Aumerle excuseth himself of the duke of Gloucester's death, I say (quoth he) that he was the very cause of his death; and so he appealed him of treason, offering, by throwing down his hood as a gage, to prove it with his body. There were twenty other lords also that threw down their hoods, as pledges to prove the like matter against the duke of Aumerle.

'The duke of Aumerle threw down his hood to try it against the lord Fitzwater, as against him that lied falsely, in that he charged him with, by that his appeal. These gages were delivered to the constable and marshal of England, and the parties put under arrest.

'The duke of Surry stood up also against the lord Fitzwater, avouching that where he had said that the appellants were cause of the duke of Gloucester's death, it was false; for they were constrained to sue the same appeal, in like manner as the said lord Fitzwater was compelled to give judgment against the duke of Gloucester and the earl of Arundel, so that the suing of the appeal was done by coercion; and if he said contrary he lied; and therewith he threw down his hood.

'The lord Fitzwater answered hereunto, that he was not present in the Parliament house when judgment was given against them; and all the lords bare witness thereof.

'Moreover, where it was alleged that the duke Aumerle

should send two of his servants unto Calais, to murder the duke of Gloucester, the said duke of Aumerle said, that if the duke of Norfolk affirm it, he lied falsely, and that he would prove with his body, throwing down another hood which he had borrowed.

'The same was likewise delivered to the constable and marshal of England, and the king licensed the duke of Norfolk to return, that he might arraign his appeal.'

'Request was made by the Commons, that sith King Richard had resigned, and was lawfully deposed from his royal dignity, he might have judgment decreed against him, so as the realm were not troubled by him, and that the causes of his deposing might be published through the realm, for satisfying of the people: which demand was granted. Whereupon the bishop of Carlisle, a man both learned, wise, and stout of stomach, boldly showed forth his opinion concerning that demand, affirming that there was none amongst them worthy to give judgment upon so noble a prince. And I assure you (said he), there is not so rank a traitor, nor so errant a thief, nor yet so cruel a murderer, apprehended or detained in prison, but he shall be brought before the justice to hear his judgment; and will ye proceed to the judgment of an anointed king, hearing neither his answer nor excuse? I say that the duke of Lancaster, whom ye call king, hath more trespassed to King Richard and his realm, than King Richard hath done either to him or us: for it is well known that the duke was banished the realm by King Richard and his council, and by the judgment of his own father, for the space of ten years, for what cause ye know; and yet without licence of King Richard he is returned again into the realm, and (that is worse) hath taken upon him the name, title and pre-eminence of king. And therefore I say, that you have done manifest wrong, to proceed in any thing against King Richard, without calling him openly to his answer and defence. As soon as the bishop had ended this tale, he was attached by the earl marshal, and committed to ward in the abbey of St. Alban's.'

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

(Appendix)

King Richard II. Act I. sc. 1; Act II. sc. 1; Act III. sc. 1; Act IV. sc. 1; Act V. sc. 1.

Edward of Lancaster, Duke of York; Act II. sc. 1; Act III. sc. 1; Act IV. sc. 1; Act V. sc. 1.

John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster; Act I. sc. 1; Act II. sc. 1; Act III. sc. 1; Act IV. sc. 1; Act V. sc. 1.

Thomas of Arundel, Bishop of Ely; Act I. sc. 1; Act II. sc. 1; Act III. sc. 1; Act IV. sc. 1; Act V. sc. 1.

KING RICHARD II.

Henry, Duke of Northumberland; Act I. sc. 1; Act II. sc. 1; Act III. sc. 1; Act IV. sc. 1; Act V. sc. 1.

Buckingham, Duke of; Act I. sc. 1; Act II. sc. 1; Act III. sc. 1; Act IV. sc. 1; Act V. sc. 1.

Gloucester, Duke of; Act I. sc. 1; Act II. sc. 1; Act III. sc. 1; Act IV. sc. 1; Act V. sc. 1.

Northumberland, Duke of; Act I. sc. 1; Act II. sc. 1; Act III. sc. 1; Act IV. sc. 1; Act V. sc. 1.

Lord Ross; Act I. sc. 1; Act II. sc. 1; Act III. sc. 1; Act IV. sc. 1; Act V. sc. 1.

Lord Willoughby; Act I. sc. 1; Act II. sc. 1; Act III. sc. 1; Act IV. sc. 1; Act V. sc. 1.

Lord Fitzwater; Act I. sc. 1; Act II. sc. 1; Act III. sc. 1; Act IV. sc. 1; Act V. sc. 1.

Lord of Castile; Act I. sc. 1; Act II. sc. 1; Act III. sc. 1; Act IV. sc. 1; Act V. sc. 1.

Lord of Westchester; Act I. sc. 1; Act II. sc. 1; Act III. sc. 1; Act IV. sc. 1; Act V. sc. 1.

Lord of Marston; Act I. sc. 1; Act II. sc. 1; Act III. sc. 1; Act IV. sc. 1; Act V. sc. 1.

Lord of Northumberland; Act I. sc. 1; Act II. sc. 1; Act III. sc. 1; Act IV. sc. 1; Act V. sc. 1.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

	(<i>Appears</i>)
KING RICHARD II.	Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 4. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 5.
EDMUND OF LANGLEY, <i>Duke of York</i> ; uncle to the King	Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 6.
JOHN OF GAUNT, <i>Duke of Lancaster</i> ; uncle to the King	Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1.
HENRY, surnamed BOLINGBROKE, <i>Duke of Hereford, son to John of</i> <i>Gaunt; afterwards King Henry IV.</i>	Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 3; sc. 6.
DUKE OF AUMERLE, <i>son to the Duke</i> <i>of York</i>	Act I. sc. 3; sc. 4. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 3.
MOWBRAY, <i>Duke of Norfolk</i>	Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3.
DUKE OF SURREY	Act IV. sc. 1.
EARL OF SALISBURY	Act II. sc. 4. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 3.
EARL BERKLEY	Act II. sc. 3.
BUSHY, <i>a creature to King Richard</i> .	Act I. sc. 4. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1.
BAGOT, <i>a creature to King Richard</i> .	Act I. sc. 4. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1.
GREEN, <i>a creature to King Richard</i> .	Act I. sc. 4. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1.
EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND	Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 6.
HENRY PERCY, <i>son to the Earl of</i> <i>Northumberland</i>	Act II. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 3; sc. 6.
LORD ROSS	Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1.
LORD WILLOUGHBY	Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1.
LORD FITZWATER	Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 6.
BISHOP OF CARLISLE	Act III. sc. 2; sc. 2; sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 6.
ABBOT OF WESTMINSTER	Act IV. sc. 1.
LORD MARSHAL; <i>and another Lord</i> .	Act I. sc. 3.
SIR PIERCE OF EXTON	Act V. sc. 4; sc. 5; sc. 6.
SIR STEPHEN SCROOP	Act III. sc. 2; sc. 3.
Captain of a band of Welchmen . .	Act II. sc. 4.
QUEEN to King Richard	Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1.
DUCHESS OF GLOSTER	Act I. sc. 2.
DUCHESS OF YORK	Act V. sc. 2; sc. 3.
Lady attending on the Queen . . .	Act III. sc. 4.
<i>Lords, Herald, Officers, Soldiers, Two Gardeners, Keeper, Messenger, Groom, and</i> <i>other attendants.</i>	

SCENE—DISPERSEDLY IN ENGLAND AND WALES.

KING RICHARD II.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING RICHARD, *attended*; JOHN OF GAUNT, and
other Nobles, with him.

K. Rich. Old John of Gaunt, time-honoured Lancaster,¹
Hast thou, according to thy oath and band,²
Brought hither Henry Hereford³ thy bold son,
Here to make good the boisterous late appeal,⁴

¹ *Time-honoured Lancaster*] Shakspeare thought it poetically expedient to represent John of Gaunt as a very old man. He was, however, only 58 years old in 1398, the time at which the play commences. See Historical Notes, iv.

² *Band*] Anciently, the words *band* and *bond* were interchangeable: the literal meaning of each is *that which binds*. The 'oath and band' was the pledge given by John of Gaunt for his son's appearance; for when Bolingbroke and Norfolk were arrested, the former was allowed to put in pledges for his appearance, while Norfolk was confined in Windsor Castle.

³ *Henry Hereford*] The word Hereford, in Shakspeare, must be regarded as a dissyllable: it was generally spelt Herford in the old copies, as in the Chronicles.

⁴ *The boisterous late appeal*] The violent accusation which he had made in the parliament at Shrewsbury.

Which then our leisure would not let us hear,
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

Gaunt. I have, my liege.

K. Rich. Tell me, moreover, hast thou sounded him,
If he appeal the duke on ancient malice,
Or worthily, as a good subject should,
On some known ground of treachery in him?

Gaunt. As near as I could sift him on that argument,
On some apparent danger¹ seen in him,
Aimed at your highness,—no inveterate malice.

K. Rich. Then call them to our presence; face to face,
And frowning brow to brow, ourselves will hear
The accuser and the accused freely speak:—

[*Exeunt some Attendants.*]

High stomached² are they both and full of ire,
In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire.

Re-enter Attendants, with BOLINGBROKE and NORFOLK.

Boling. Many years of happy days befall
My gracious sovereign, my most loving liege!

Nor. Each day still better other's happiness;
Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,
Add an immortal title to your crown!

K. Rich. We thank you both: yet one but flatters us,
As well appeareth by the cause you come;³
Namely, to appeal each other of high treason.—

¹ *On some apparent danger*] That is, he appeals him on some manifest danger. The word *apparent*, in our early writers, often denoted *manifest*.

² *High-stomached*] High-tempered; proud. The word *stomach* very frequently meant *temper*.

³ *One but flatters us, &c.*] One of you, he who really is the traitor, is only flattering us, as is fully manifested by the cause why you come.

Cousin of Hereford, what dost thou object
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

Boling. First, (heaven be the record to my speech!)
In the devotion of a subject's love,
Tendering ¹ the precious safety of my prince,
And free from other misbegotten ² hate,
Come I appellant to this princely presence.
Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee,
And mark my greeting well; for what I speak
My body shall make good upon this earth,
Or my divine ³ soul answer it in heaven.
Thou art a traitor and a miscreant, ⁴
Too good ⁵ to be so, and too bad to live;
Since the more fair and crystal is the sky,
The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly.
Once more, the more to aggravate the note, ⁶
With a foul traitor's name stuff I thy throat;
And wish, so please my sovereign, ere I move,
What my tongue speaks my right-drawn ⁷ sword may prove.

Nor. Let not my cold words here accuse ⁸ my zeal:
'Tis not the trial of a woman's war,
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate ⁹ this cause betwixt us twain:

¹ *Tendering*] Holding dear; cherishing.

² *Misbegotten*] Illegitimate; proceeding from some other than the alleged cause.

³ *Divine*] Spiritual, immortal,

⁴ *Miscreant*] This word, from the old French *mescréant*, properly means an infidel.

⁵ *Too good*] Viz., by birth.

⁶ *The note*] The mark or brand.

⁷ *Right-drawn*] Justly drawn.

⁸ *Accuse*] Be thought to argue against.

⁹ *Can arbitrate*] That can arbitrate. We often find in Shakspeare an ellipsis of a relative pronoun of the *nominative* case—a thing not now usual.

The blood is hot that must be cooled for this.
 Yet can I not of such tame patience boast,
 As to be hushed and nought at all to say :
 First, the fair reverence¹ of your highness curbs me
 From giving reins and spurs to my free speech ;
 Which else would post, until it had returned
 These terms of treason² doubled down his throat.
 Setting aside³ his high blood's royalty,
 And let him be no kinsman to my liege,—
 I do defy him, and I spit at him ;
 Call him a slanderous coward and a villain :
 Which to maintain⁴ I would allow him odds,
 And meet him, were I tied⁵ to run a-foot
 Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,
 Or any other ground inhabitable,⁶
 Wherever Englishman durst set his foot.
 Meantime, let this defend my loyalty,—
 By all my hopes, most falsely doth he lie.

Boling. Pale trembling coward,⁷ there I throw my gage,⁸

¹ *The fair reverence*] The reverend honour.

² *These terms of treason*] Viz., traitor and miscreant.

³ *Setting aside*] Apart from ; saving.

⁴ *Which to maintain*] And to maintain the truth of this charge.

⁵ *Tied*] Obligated.

⁶ *Inhabitable*] The prefix *in* here is negative : not habitable, or, as we now say, uninhabitable. Compare *Macbeth*, iii. 4, 'Dare me to the desert with thy sword.'

⁷ *Coward*] Norfolk and Bolingbroke call each other *coward*, because cowardice was considered to be involved in lying. Fuller, in his *Profane State*, ch. 12, says, 'He that is called a liar to his face is also called a coward in the same breath, if he swallows it.' In the Trial of Battle, therefore, the *valour* of the conqueror was supposed to vindicate his *truth*. On this subject, see the Editor's *Hamlet*, p. 70, note 3.

⁸ *Gage*] The glove, thrown down as honour's gage or pawn, to be redeemed, or else ignominiously forfeited.

Disclaiming here the kindred of the king,
 And lay aside my high blood's royalty,
 Which fear, not reverence,¹ makes thee to except.
 If guilty dread hath left thee so much strength²
 As to take up mine honour's pawn, then stoop;
 By that, and all the rites of knighthood else,
 Will I make good against thee, arm to arm,
 What I have spoke, or thou canst worse devise.

Nor. I take it up; and by that sword I swear,
 Which gently laid my knighthood on my shoulder,
 I'll answer thee in any fair degree,
 Or chivalrous design³ of knightly trial:
 And when I mount, alive may I not light,
 If I be traitor, or unjustly fight!

K. Rich. What doth our cousin lay to Mowbray's charge?
 It must be great, that can inherit us⁴
 So much as of a thought of ill in him.

Boling. Look, what I speak my life shall prove it true;—
 That Mowbray hath received eight thousand nobles,⁵
 In name of lendings,⁶ for your highness' soldiers;
 The which he hath detained for lewd⁷ employments,
 Like a false traitor and injurious villain.
 Besides I say, and will in battle prove,—
 Or here, or elsewhere, to the furthest verge
 That ever was surveyed by English eye,—
 That all the treasons for these eighteen years

¹ *Not reverence*] Alluding to the 8th line of Norfolk's speech.

² *Strength*] Fortitude.

³ *Design*] Manner.

⁴ *Inherit us*] Possess us. The verb is here employed in an unusual way.

⁵ *Nobles*] The noble was a gold coin worth 6s. 8d.

⁶ *Lendings*] Moneys entrusted to him as governor of Calais.

⁷ *Lewd*] Mean.

Complotted and contrived in this land,
Fetched from false Mowbray their first head and spring.
Further I say,—and further will maintain
Upon his bad life to make all this good,—
That he did plot the duke of Gloster's ¹ death,
Suggest ² his soon-believing adversaries,
And consequently, like a traitor coward,
Sluiced out his innocent soul through streams of blood :
Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries,
Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth,
To me ³ for justice and rough chastisement ;
And, by the glorious worth of my descent,
This arm shall do it, or this life be spent.

K. Rich. How high a pitch his resolution soars !—
Thomas of Norfolk, what say'st thou to this ?

Nor. O, let my sovereign turn away his face,
And bid his ears a little while be deaf,
Till I have told this slander of his blood,
How God and good men hate so foul a liar.

K. Rich. Mowbray, impartial are our eyes and ears :
Were he my brother, nay, my kingdom's heir,
(As he is but my father's brother's son,)
Now, by my sceptre's awe, I make a vow,
Such neighbour nearness to our sacred blood
Should nothing privilege him, nor partialise
The unstooping firmness of my upright soul :
He is our subject, Mowbray ; so art thou ;
Free speech and fearless I to thee allow.

Nor. Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy heart,

¹ *Duke of Gloster*] See Hist. Notes, vi.

² *Suggest, &c.*] Prompt or incite his adversaries, too ready to believe anything against him. So in *K. Henry VIII.* i. 1, 'Suggests the king our master to this last costly treaty.'

³ *To me*] Viz., as the son of his eldest surviving brother.

Through the false passage of thy throat, thou liest !
Three parts of that receipt I had for Calais
Disbursed I duly to his highness' soldiers :
The other part reserved I by consent ;
For that my sovereign liege was in my debt,
Upon remainder of a dear account,¹
Since last I went to France to fetch his queen :
Now swallow down that lie. For Gloster's death,—
I slew him not ; but, to my own disgrace,
Neglected my sworn duty² in that case.
For you, my noble lord of Lancaster,
The honourable father to my foe,—
Once I did lay an ambush for your life,
A trespass that doth vex my grieved soul :
But, ere I last received the sacrament,
I did confess it, and exactly begged
Your grace's pardon ; and, I hope, I had it.
This is my fault : As for the rest appealed,—
It issues from the rancour of a villain,
A recreant and most degenerate traitor :
Which in myself I boldly will defend :
And interchangeably hurl down my gage
Upon this overweening traitor's foot,
To prove myself a loyal gentleman
Even in the best blood chambered in his bosom :
In haste whereof, most heartily I pray
Your highness to assign our trial day.

K. Rich. Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be ruled by me ;
Let's purge this choler³ without letting blood :

¹ *A dear account*] The heavy account incurred in travelling first to France, then to Germany, on the king's service.

² *Neglected my sworn duty*] According to Holinshed, he had offended the king by some delay in the execution of his order.

³ *Purge this choler*] Bile and anger, the two meanings of *choler*,

This we prescribe, though no physician ;
 Deep malice makes too deep incision :
 Forget, forgive : conclude, and be agreed ;
 Our doctors say, this is no month to bleed.¹
 Good uncle, let this end where it begun ;
 We'll calm the Duke of Norfolk, you your son.

Gaunt. To be a make-peace shall become my age :—
 Throw down, my son, the duke of Norfolk's gage.

K. Rich. And, Norfolk, throw down his.

Gaunt. When, Harry ? when ?²
 Obedience bids I should³ not bid again.

K. Rich. Norfolk, throw down, we bid ; there is no boot.⁴

Nor. Myself I throw, dread sovereign, at thy foot :
 My life thou shalt command, but not my shame :
 The one my duty owes ; but my fair name,
 Despite of death that lives upon my grave,⁵
 To dark dishonour's use thou shalt not have.
 I am disgraced, impeached, and baffled⁶ here ;
 Pierced to the soul with slander's venom'd spear,

give our poet an occasion for that play on double meanings to which he was so much addicted.

¹ *This is no month to bleed*] The old doctors thought that blood-letting should be practised only in the spring and fall of the year.

² *When, Harry ? when ?*] This form of expressing impatience or surprise was an abridgment of some such question as *When will you hear me, or attend to me ?* So in *Julius Cæsar*, ii. 1, Brutus, calling his servant, says 'When, Lucius ? When ?'

³ *I should*] That I should.

⁴ *No boot*] No use in holding out. *Boot* is a Saxon word signifying profit or advantage.

⁵ *Despite of death, &c.*] That lives upon my grave despite of death. Shakspeare has sometimes greatly puzzled his commentators by such inverted arrangement. See the Editor's *Tempest*, p. 52, note 1.

⁶ *Baffled*] To be *baffled* was originally an ignominious punish-

The which no balm can cure, but his heart-blood
Which breathed this poison.

K. Rich. Rage must be withstood:

Give me his gage:—Lions make leopards tame.¹

Nor. Yea, but not change his spots: ² take but my shame,
And I resign my gage. My dear dear lord,

The purest treasure mortal times afford
Is spotless reputation; that away,

Men are but gilded loam or painted clay.

A jewel in a ten times barred-up chest

Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast.

My honour is my life: both grow in one:

Take honour from me, and my life is done:

Then, dear my liege, mine honour let me try;

In that I live, and for that will I die.

K. Rich. Cousin, throw down your gage: do you begin

Boling. O, Heaven defend my soul from such foul sin!

Shall I seem crest-fallen in my father's sight?

Or with pale beggar fear impeach my height ³

Before this outdared ⁴ dastard? Ere my tongue

Shall wound mine honour with such feeble wrong,

ment to which false or recreant knights were subjected, sometimes in person, but oftener in effigy. It was, to be hung up by the heels and beaten.

¹ *Lions make leopards tame*] Steevens detects here an allusion to the crest of Norfolk, which he says was a leopard. It appears, however, from a passage in Holinshed, that a silver lion was the Norfolk cognizance. Richard, as king, represents himself by the name of the king of beasts. His queen (v. 1) calls him 'A lion and a king of beasts.'

² *Change his spots*] See, in Scripture, Jerem. xiii. 23.

³ *Impeach my height*] Disgrace my dignity. *Impeach* is from the French *empêcher*, to hinder.

⁴ *Outdared*] Outdaring; audacious. Shakspeare often uses the passive participle in this way; and so we still use the word *out-*

Or sound so base a parle, my teeth shall tear
 The slavish motive ¹ of recanting fear,
 And spit it bleeding, in his high disgrace,
 Where shame doth harbour, even in Mowbray's face.
 [Exit GAUNT.

K. Rich. We were not born to sue, but to command:
 Which since we cannot do to make you friends,
 Be ready, as your lives shall answer it,
 At Coventry, upon Saint Lambert's day; ²
 There shall your swords and lances arbitrate
 The swelling difference of your settled hate;
 Since we cannot atone you, ³ you shall see
 Justice design ⁴ the victor's chivalry.
 Lord marshal, ⁵ command our officers ⁶ at arms
 Be ready to direct these home-alarms. [Exeunt.

spoken. But what occasioned this usage is the fact that the termination of the passive participle very often denotes *having*; thus, *covered* means *having a covering*. Shakspeare applied this manner of signification to words that we do not now usually assign it to. Thus he wrote *outdared* for having excess of daring; and in the following examples we have *blessed* for having blessing or power to bless, *delighted* for having delight or power to delight—

‘It is twice blessed,
 It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.’
Merch. of Venice.

‘If virtue no delighted beauty lack.’—*Othello.*

¹ *The slavish motive*] The *motive* here is the tongue, the moving instrument or agent, for the supposed expression of ‘recanting fear.’

² *Saint Lambert's day*] September 17.

³ *Atone you*] Set you *at one*; reconcile you.

⁴ *Design, &c.*] Signify, by the victory of one of you, the man whose chivalry is true.

⁵ *Lord marshal*] As Norfolk himself was Earl Marshal of England, a deputy was appointed for this occasion, to arrest the two dukes, and make preparations for the combat. This was Thomas Holland, Earl of Kent and Duke of Surrey.

⁶ *Our officers*] That our officers.

SCENE II.—London. *A Room in the Duke of Lancaster's Palace.*

Enter GAUNT and DUCHESS OF GLOSTER.

Gaunt. Alas ! the part ¹ I had in Gloster's blood
Doth more solicit me than your exclaims,
To stir against the butchers of his life.
But since correction lieth in those hands
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,²
Put we our quarrel to the will of heaven ;
Who, when they see ³ the hours ⁴ ripe on earth,
Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.

Duch. Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper spur ?
Hath love in thy old blood no living fire ?
Edward's seven sons,⁵ whereof thyself art one,
Were as seven vials of his sacred blood,
Or seven fair branches springing from one root :
Some of those seven are dried by nature's course,
Some of those branches by the Destinies ⁶ cut :
But Thomas, my dear lord, my life, my Gloster,
One vial full of Edward's sacred blood,
One flourishing branch of his most royal root,
Is cracked, and all the precious liquor spilt,

¹ *The part*] The relationship or kindred.

² *Which made the fault, &c.*] Which ordained the incapacity, that we subjects cannot inflict punishment on the king.

³ *They see*] This is not a solitary instance of the word Heaven being referred to by a plural pronoun. Hamlet (iii. 4) says 'Heaven hath pleased . . . that I must be *their* scourge and minister.' See the Editor's *K. Richard III.* p. 28, note 1, and p. 105, note 5.

⁴ *Hours*] This word is here dissyllabic. See p. 99, note 3.

⁵ *Edward's seven sons*] See Hist. Notes, i.

⁶ *The Destinies*] The Fates of classical mythology were Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos.

Is hacked down, and his summer leaves all faded,
 By envy's hand, and murder's bloody axe.
 Ah, Gaunt ! his blood was thine ! that bed, that womb,
 That metal,¹ that self-mould that fashioned thee,
 Made him a man ; and though thou liv'st and breath'st,
 Yet art thou slain in him : thou dost consent
 In some large measure to thy father's death,
 In that thou seest thy wretched brother die,
 Who was the model of thy father's life.²
 Call it not patience, Gaunt ; it is despair.
 In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughtered,
 Thou show'st the naked pathway to thy life,
 Teaching stern murder how to butcher thee :
 That which in mean men we entitle patience
 Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.
 What shall I say ? to safeguard thine own life,
 The best way is to 'venge my Gloster's death.

Gaunt. Heaven's is the quarrel ; for Heaven's substitute,
 His deputy anointed in His sight,
 Hath caused his death : the which if wrongfully.
 Let Heaven revenge ; for I may never lift
 An angry arm against His minister.

Duch. Where then, alas ! may I complain myself ?

Gaunt. To Heaven, the widow's champion and defence.

Duch. Why then, I will. Farewell, old Gaunt.

Thou goest to Coventry, there to behold
 Our cousin Hereford and fell Mowbray fight :
 O, sit my husband's wrongs on Hereford's spear,
 That it may enter butcher Mowbray's breast !
 Or, if misfortune miss the first career,³

¹ *Metal*] Mettle.

² *Who was the model, &c.*] In whom thy father, as it were, lived again.

³ *Career*] Charge with the lance.

Be Mowbray's sins so heavy in his bosom,
That they may break his foaming courser's back,
And throw the rider headlong in the lists,
A caitiff recreant¹ to my cousin Hereford!
Farewell, old Gaunt; thy sometimes² brother's wife
With her companion grief must end her life.

Gaunt. Sister, farewell: I must to Coventry:
As much good stay with thee as go with me!

Duch. Yet one word more:—Grief boundeth where it
falls,³
Not with the empty hollowness, but weight:
I take my leave before I have begun,
For sorrow ends not when it seemeth done.—
Commend me to my brother, Edmund York.
Lo, this is all:—Nay, yet depart not so;
Though this be all, do not so quickly go;
I shall remember more. Bid him—O, what?—
With all good speed at Plashy visit me.
Alack, and what shall good old York there see,
But empty lodgings and unfurnished walls,⁴
Unpeopled offices, untrodden stones?
And what hear there for welcome but my groans?
Therefore commend me; let him not come there,
To seek out sorrow that dwells everywhere:

¹ *A caitiff recreant*] *Caitiff* is an old word for *captive*. *Recreant* means an apostate, one degenerate and dishonoured.

² *Sometimes*] Late. In Latin *quondam*. [A very common use of the word in Shakspeare.

³ *Grief boundeth, &c.*] Grief, after seeming to have spent its utterance, rises again to utter more, like the reiterated bounds of a tennis ball.

⁴ *Unfurnished walls*] The hangings of tapestry, or of painted cloth, with which the walls of some of the apartments were hung, having been taken down from the tenter-hooks.

Desolate, desolate, will I hence, and die;
The last leave of thee takes my weeping eye.¹ [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Open space*² near Coventry.

Lists set out, and a Throne. Heralds, &c., attending.

Enter the Lord Marshal, and AUMERLE.

Mar. My lord Aumerle,³ is Harry Hereford armed?

Aum. Yea, at all points;⁴ and longs to enter in.

Mar. The duke of Norfolk, sprightly and bold,
Stays but the summons of the appellant's trumpet.

Aum. Why, then the champions are prepared, and stay
For nothing but his majesty's approach.

Flourish of trumpets. Enter KING RICHARD, who takes his seat on his throne; GAUNT, and several Noblemen, who take their places. A trumpet is sounded, and answered by another trumpet within. Then enter NORFOLK, in armour, preceded by a Herald.

K. Rich. Marshal, demand of yonder champion
The cause of his arrival here in arms;
Ask him his name; and orderly proceed
To swear him in the justice of his cause.

Mar. In God's name and the king's, say who thou art,

¹ *The last leave, &c.]* See Hist. Notes, vi.

² *Open space]* This open space is supposed to have been Gosford Green.

³ *Aumerle]* He officiated as Lord High Constable on this occasion. The Duke of Gloster had been hereditary Lord High Constable of the realm. See Hist. Notes, ix.

⁴ *At all points]* Completely. The expression was borrowed from the French.

And why thou com'st thus knightly clad in arms :
Against what man thou com'st, and what thy quarrel :
Speak truly, on thy knighthood, and thine oath,
As so defend thee heaven, and thy valour !

Nor. My name is Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk ;
Who hither come engaged by my oath,
(Which heaven defend ¹ a knight should violate !)
Both to defend my loyalty and truth
To God, my king, and his succeeding issue,
Against the duke of Hereford that appeals me ;
And, by the grace of God, and this mine arm,
To prove him, in defending of myself,
A traitor to my God, my king, and me :
And, as I truly fight, defend me heaven !

[*He takes his seat.*]

*Trumpet sounds. Enter BOLINGBROKE, in armour,
preceded by a Herald.*

K. Rich. Marshal, ask yonder knight in arms,
Both who he is, and why he cometh hither
Thus plated in habiliments of war ;
And formally according to our law
Depose him ² in the justice of his cause.

Mar. What is thy name ? and wherefore com'st thou
hither,
Before king Richard, in his royal lists ? ³
Against whom comest thou ? and what's thy quarrel ?
Speak like a true knight, so defend thee heaven !

Boling. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Am I ; who ready here do stand in arms,
To prove, by heaven's grace, and my body's valour,

¹ *Heaven defend*] Heaven prevent or forbid. Fr. *défendre*.

² *Depose him*] Take his deposition, or statement upon oath.

³ *Lists*] Fenced tilting ground.

In lists, on Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk,
That he's a traitor, foul and dangerous,
To God of heaven, king Richard, and to me;
And, as I truly fight, defend me heaven!

Mar. On pain of death, no person be so bold,
Or daring-hardy, as to touch the lists,
Except the marshal, and such officers
Appointed to direct these fair designs.¹

Boling. Lord marshal, let me kiss my sovereign's hand,
And bow my knee before his majesty:
For Mowbray and myself are like to men
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage;
Then let us take a ceremonious leave,
And loving farewell, of our several friends.

Mar. The appellant in all duty greets your highness,
And craves to kiss your hand, and take his leave.

K. Rich. We will descend, and fold him in our arms.
Cousin of Hereford, as thy cause is right,
So be thy fortune in this royal fight!
Farewell, my blood; which if to-day thou shed,
Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.

Boling. O, let no noble eye profane a tear
For me, if I be gored with Mowbray's spear;
As confident as is the falcon's flight
Against a bird, do I with Mowbray fight.—
My loving lord [*to Lord Marshal*], I take my leave of you;
Of you, my noble cousin, lord Aumerle:—
Not sick, although I have to do with death,
But lusty, young, and cheerly drawing breath.
Lo, as at English feasts, so I regreet
The daintiest last,² to make the end most sweet:

¹ *Fair designs*] Honourable objects and arrangements.

² *The daintiest*] This refers to the confections or sweets at the end of a banquet.

O thou, the earthly author of my blood,— [To GAUNT.
Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate,
Doth with a two-fold vigour lift me up
To reach at victory above my head,—
Add proof¹ unto mine armour with thy prayers;
And with thy blessings steel my lance's point,
That it may enter Mowbray's waxen coat,²
And furbish new the name of John of Gaunt,
Even in the lusty 'haviour of his son.

Gaunt. Heaven in thy good cause make thee prosperous!

Be swift like lightning in the execution;
And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,³
Fall like amazing thunder on the casque
Of thy adverse pernicious enemy:
Rouse up thy youthful blood, be valiant and live.⁴

Boling. My innocency and Saint George to thrive.⁵

[*He takes his seat.*

Nor. [*Rising.*] However heaven, or fortune, cast my lot,
There lives, or dies, true to king Richard's throne,
A loyal, just, and upright gentleman:
Never did captive with a freer heart

¹ *Proof*] Power of resistance.

² *Waxen coat*] Bolingbroke, we think, means to ridicule Norfolk as a merely nominal knight, as one whose mail is no better defence than the seal of his coat-of-arms in wax.

³ *Doubly redoubled*] So in *Macbeth*, i. 2, 'They doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe.'

⁴ *Be valiant and live*] Let thy valour secure thy life, and thus prove that thou art not the false traitor.

⁵ *My innocency, &c.*] I trust to my innocency and to St. George for success. St. George was the patron saint of England. In *K. Richard III.* v. 3, we have 'God and St. George.' 'This and St. George to boot.' 'Our ancient word of courage, fair St. George'

Cast off his chains of bondage, and embrace
His golden uncontrolled enfranchisement,
More than my dancing soul doth celebrate
This feast of battle with mine adversary.
Most mighty liege, and my companion peers,
Take from my mouth the wish of happy years :
As gentle and as jocund as to jest,¹
Go I to fight : Truth hath a quiet breast.

K. Rich. Farewell, my lord : securely² I espy
Virtue with valour couched in thine eye.
Order the trial, marshal, and begin.

[*The KING and Lords return to their seats.*]

Mar. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Receive thy lance ; and God defend the right !

Boling. [*Rising.*] Strong as a tower in hope, I cry—
amen.

Mar. Go bear this lance [*to an Officer*] to Thomas, duke
of Norfolk.

1 *Her.* Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Stands here for God, his sovereign ; and himself,
On pain to be found false and recreant,
To prove the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray,
A traitor to his God, his king, and him,
And dares him to set forward to the fight.

2 *Her.* Here standeth Thomas Mowbray, duke of Nor-
folk,
On pain to be found false and recreant,
Both to defend himself, and to approve³
Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
To God, his sovereign, and to him, disloyal ;

¹ *To jest*] To play a part in a *geste* or acted story.

² *Securely*] Without mistrust.

³ *To approve*] To prove.

Courageously, and with a free desire,
Attending¹ but the signal to begin.

Mar. Sound, trumpets; and set forward, combatants.

[*A charge sounded.*

Stay, the king hath thrown his warder² down.

K. Rich. Let them lay by their helmets and their spears,
And both return back to their chairs again:—

Withdraw with us; and let the trumpets sound,

While we return³ these dukes what we decree.—

[*A long flourish.*

Draw near, [To the Combatants.

And list, what with our council we have done.

For that our kingdom's earth should not be soiled

With that dear blood which it hath fostered;

And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect

Of civil wounds ploughed up with neighbours' swords;

And for we think the eagle-winged pride

Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts,

With rival-hating envy, set on⁴ you

To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle

Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep;

¹ *Attending*] Awaiting.

² *Warder*] The truncheon or staff betokening him the controller of the contest. This incident is referred to in 2 *K. Henry IV.* iv. 1,

‘O, when the king did throw his warder down,
His own life hung upon the staff he threw.’

³ *While we return*] Till we return. This meaning of *while* is still in provincial use. So, in *Macbeth*, iii. 1, ‘While then, God be with you!’ The long trumpet-flourish here is to fill up the interval during which the king consults with his lords. Holinshed says that Bolingbroke and Norfolk remained in their chairs two hours, awaiting the king's decision. For other instances of *while* meaning *till*, see the Editor's *Macbeth*, p. 50, note 1.

⁴ *Set on*] Incited.

Which so roused up with boisterous untuned¹ drums,
 With harsh resounding trumpets' dreadful bray,
 And grating shock of wrathful iron arms,
 Might from our quiet confines fright fair peace,
 And make us wade even in our kindred's blood ;—
 Therefore we banish you our territories :
 You, cousin Hereford, upon pain of life,²
 Till twice five summers have enriched our fields,
 Shall not regret our fair dominions,
 But tread the stranger³ paths of banishment.

Boling. Your will be done : This must my comfort be,
 That sun that warms you here, shall shine on me ;
 And those his golden beams,⁴ to you here lent,
 Shall point on me, and gild my banishment.

K. Rich. Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier doom,
 Which I with some unwillingness pronounce :
 The fly-slow hours⁵ shall not determinate
 The dateless limit of thy dear⁶ exile ;—
 The hopeless word of—*Never to return*,
 Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life.

Nor. A heavy sentence, my most sovereign liege,

¹ *Untuned*] Not having tune or agreeable sound. See p. 11, note 4.

² *Upon pain of life*] Upon the penalty of loss of life.

³ *Stranger*] Foreign. Old French, *estranger*.

⁴ *Those his golden beams*] We would now say *those golden beams of his*. Compare in Scripture, Luke xv. 24, 32, 'This my son,' 'This thy brother.'

⁵ *Fly-slow hours*] Hours which, in reality fleet-winged, shall seem slow to thee. The old copies have 'sly-slow.'

⁶ *Dear*] Serious ; severe. So, elsewhere in Shakspeare, we have 'Dear peril,' 'Dear loss,' &c., for serious peril, serious loss, &c. The word *dear* was very generally used to denote great in degree or amount. Compare our colloquial *precious*, in such phrases as *a precious scoundrel*, *a precious mess*, &c.

And all unlooked for from your highness' mouth.
 A dearer merit,¹ not so deep a maim
 As to be cast forth in the common air,
 Have I deserved at your highness' hands.
 The language I have learned these forty years,²
 My native English, now I must forego :
 And now my tongue's use is to me no more
 Than an unstringed viol, or a harp ;
 Or like a cunning instrument cased up,
 Or, being open, put into his hands
 That knows no touch to tune the harmony.
 Within my mouth you have engaoled my tongue,
 Doubly portcullised with my teeth and lips ;
 And dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance
 Is made my gaoler to attend on me.
 I am too old to fawn upon a nurse,
 Too far in years to be a pupil now ;
 What is thy sentence, then, but speechless death,
 Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath ?

K. Rich. It boots thee not to be compassionate ;³
 After our sentence plaining comes to late.

Nor. Then thus I turn me from my country's light,
 To dwell in solemn shades of endless night. [*Retiring.*]

K. Rich. Return again, and take an oath with thee :

¹ *A dearer merit*] Here Norfolk refers to the words 'dear exile,' and uses *dear* in its other sense of *endearing*. A more endearing or pleasing reward have I deserved. To *deserve a merit* is an instance of a verb having a cognate noun as its object. Compare *Macbeth*, v. 7, 'We shall not *spend* a large *expense* of time.'

² *Forty years*] Norfolk was at this time between thirty and forty years of age.

³ *Compassionate*] Passionate ; full of emotion. Compare *Hamlet*, ii. 2, 'A passionate speech.'

Lay on our royal sword¹ your banished hands;
 Swear by the duty that you owe to heaven,
 (Our part therein we banish with yourselves,)
 To keep the oath that we administer:—
 You never shall (so help you truth and heaven!)
 Embrace each other's love in banishment;
 Nor never look upon each other's face;
 Nor never write, regreet, nor reconcile
 This loursing tempest of your home-bred hate;
 Nor never by advised purpose meet
 To plot, contrive, or complot² any ill
 'Gainst us, our state,³ our subjects, or our land.

Boling. I swear.

Nor. And I, to keep all this.

Boling. Norfolk,—so far as to mine enemy;⁴—
 By this time, had the king permitted us,
 One of our souls had wandered in the air,
 Banished this frail sepulchre of our flesh,
 As now our flesh is banished from this land:
 Confess thy treasons ere thou fly the realm;
 Since thou hast far to go, bear not along
 The clogging burthen of a guilty soul.

Nor. No, Bolingbroke; if ever I were traitor,
 My name be blotted from the book of life,

¹ *On our royal sword*] The cross guard at the handle of a sword was considered emblematic, so that swearing upon the sword was swearing by the cross. See the Editor's *Hamlet*, p. 41, note 1.

² *Complot*] To plot and to complot perhaps mean, respectively, to plot severally and to plot conjointly; but more probably *complot* only intensifies the force of *plot*.

³ *Our state*] Our sovereignty.

⁴ *So far as, &c.*] Let me speak, so far as is allowed me to my enemy. This is said in remembrance of the king's injunction against reconciliation.

And I from heaven banished as from hence !
But what thou art, Heaven, thou, and I do know ;
And all too soon, I fear, the king shall rue.
Farewell, my liege :—Now no way can I stray,¹
Save back to England : all the world's my way. [*Exit.*]

K. Rich. Uncle, even in the glasses of thine eyes
I see thy grieved heart ; thy sad aspect
Hath from the number of his banished years
Plucked four away :—Six frozen winters spent,
Return [*to Boling.*] with welcome home from banishment.

Boling. How long a time lies in one little word !²
Four lagging winters, and four wanton springs,
End³ in a word : Such is the breath of kings.

Gaunt. I thank my liege, that, in regard of me,
He shortens four years of my son's exile ;
But little vantage shall I reap thereby ;
For ere the six years that he hath to spend
Can change their moons, and bring their times about,
My oil-dried lamp, and time-bewasted light,
Shall be extinct with age and endless night ;
My inch of taper will be burnt and done,
And blindfold death not let me see my son.

K. Rich. Why, uncle, thou hast many years to live.

Gaunt. But not a minute, king, that thou canst give :
Shorten my days thou canst with sullen sorrow,
And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow :
Thou canst help time to furrow me with age,
But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage ;

¹ *Can I stray, &c.*] Can I go wrong, or out of my allowed course, except by returning to England. Norfolk went to Venice, and according to Holinshed, died there 'for thought and melancholy.' See Hist. Notes, viii.

² *One little word*] The word 'return.'

³ *End*] Are spent or accomplished.

Thy word is current with him for my death,¹
But, dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.

K. Rich. Thy son is banished upon good advice,
Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gave;
Why at our justice seem'st thou then to lour?

Gaunt. Things sweet to taste prove in digestion sour.
You urged me as a judge; but I had rather
You would have bid me argue like a father:
O, had it been a stranger, not my child,
To smooth his fault I should have been more mild:
A partial slander² sought I to avoid,
And in the sentence my own life destroyed.
Alas! I looked when some of you should say,
I was too strict, to make mine own away;
But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue,
Against my will to do myself this wrong.³

K. Rich. Cousin, farewell:—and, uncle, bid him so;
Six years we banish him, and he shall go.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt* K. RICHARD and Train.

Aum. Cousin, farewell: what presence⁴ must not know,
From where you do remain let paper show.⁵

Mar. My lord, no leave take I; for I will ride
As far as land will let me⁶ by your side.

¹ *Thy word is current, &c.*] Thy word has authority with time to make him end my days. The metaphor here is derived from coins having currency by royal sanction.

² *A partial slander*] A slander for partiality.

³ *Against my will, &c.*] To do myself this wrong against my will.

⁴ *Presence*] Personal interview.

⁵ *From where, &c.*] Let paper, that is, letters, from where you dwell show or acquaint us with.

⁶ *As far as land will let me*] Compare *The Merchant of Venice*, ii. 2, 'I will run as far as God has any ground.'

Gaunt. O, to what purpose dost thou hoard thy words,
That thou return'st no greeting to thy friends?

Boling. I have too few to take my leave of you,
When the tongue's office should be prodigal
To breathe the abundant dolour of the heart.

Gaunt. Thy grief is but thy absence for a time.

Boling. Joy absent, grief is present for that time.

Gaunt. What is six winters? they are quickly gone.

Boling. To men in joy; but grief makes one hour ten.

Gaunt. Call it a travel that thou tak'st for pleasure.

Boling. My heart will sigh when I miscall it so,
Which finds it an enforced pilgrimage.

Gaunt. The sullen passage of thy weary steps
Esteem a foil,¹ wherein thou art to set
The precious jewel of thy home-return.

Boling. Nay, rather, every tedious stride I make
Will but remember me, what a deal of world
I wander from the jewels that I love.
Must I not serve a long apprenticeship
To foreign passages; ² and in the end,
Having my freedom, boast of nothing else
But that I was ³ a journeyman to grief?

Gaunt. All places that the eye of heaven visits
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens:
Teach thy necessity to reason thus;
There is no virtue like necessity.
Think not, the king did banish thee,
But thou the king: Woe doth the heavier sit,

¹ *A foil*] Fr. *feuille*, Lat. *folium*, a leaf. A *foil* was a piece of gold or silver leaf, placed under a transparent gem, to set it off to advantage.

² *Passages*] Circumstances; occurrences; experiences.

³ *That I was*] That I was now become.

Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.¹
 Go, say I sent thee forth to purchase honour,
 And not, the king exiled thee : or suppose
 Devouring pestilence hangs in our air,
 And thou art flying to a fresher clime.
 Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it
 To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou com'st.
 Suppose the singing birds musicians ;
 The grass whereon thou tread'st, the presence strewed ;²
 The flowers, fair ladies ; and thy steps, no more
 Than a delightful measure³ or a dance :
 For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite
 The man that mocks at it, and sets it light.⁴

Boling. O, who can hold a fire in his hand,
 By thinking on the frosty Caucasus ?
 Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
 By bare imagination of a feast ?
 Or wallow naked in December snow,
 By thinking on fantastic⁵ summer's heat ?
 O, no ! the apprehension of the good
 Gives but the greater feeling to the worse :
 Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more,
 Than when it bites but lanceth⁶ not the sore.

¹ *Faintly borne*] Borne with a faint heart ; borne without courage or equanimity.

² *The presence strewed*] The royal presence chamber strewed with rushes. Before the use of carpets, even palace floors were strewed with rushes.

' Tarquin thus

Did softly press the rushes, ere he wakened

The chastity he wounded.'—*Cymbeline*, ii. 2.

³ *Measure*] A measure was a dance measuring time with music. The words 'or a dance' mean, *or simply a dance*.

⁴ *Sets it light*] Sets light by it ; thinks lightly of it.

⁵ *Fantastic*] Imagined.

⁶ *Lanceth*] Dischargeth.

Gaunt. Come, come, my son, I'll bring thee on thy way :

Had I thy youth and cause, I would not stay.

Boling. Then, England's ground, farewell ; sweet soil, adieu ;

My mother and my nurse that bears me yet

Where'er I wander, boast of this I can,

Though banished, yet a true-born Englishman. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in the King's Palace.*

Enter KING RICHARD, BAGOT, and GREEN ; AUMERLE meeting them.

K. Rich. We did observe.¹—Cousin Aumerle, How far brought you high Hereford on his way ?

Aum. I brought *high Hereford*, if you call him so, But to the next highway, and there I left him.

K. Rich. And, say, what store of parting tears were shed ?

Aum. Faith, none for me,² except³ the north-east wind, Which then blew bitterly against our faces, Awaked the sleeping rheum ; and so, by chance, Did grace our hollow parting with a tear.

K. Rich. What said our cousin when you parted with him ?

Aum. Farewell :

And, for my heart disdained that my tongue Should so profane the word, that taught me craft

¹ *We did observe*] This, which is spoken to Bagot and Green, is explained in Richard's fourth speech.

² *For me*] On my part ; with my will.

³ *Except*] Except that.

To counterfeit oppression of such grief,
That word seemed buried in my sorrow's grave.¹
Marry,² would the word *farewell* have lengthened hours,
And added years to his short banishment,
He should have had a volume of farewells;
But, since it would not, he had none of me.

K. Rich. He is our cousin, cousin; but 'tis doubt
When time shall call him home from banishment,
Whether our kinsman come to see his friends.³
Ourself and Bushy, Bagot here, and Green,
Observed his courtship to the common people:—
How he did seem to dive into their hearts,
With humble and familiar courtesy;
What reverence he did throw away on slaves,
Wooing poor craftsmen with the craft of smiles,
And patient underbearing of⁴ his fortune,
As 'twere to banish their affects with him.⁵
Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench;
A brace of draymen bid—God speed him well,
And had the tribute of his supple knee,
With—*Thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends*;
As were our England in reversion his,
And he our subjects' next degree in hope.⁶

Green. Well, he is gone; and with him go these thoughts.
Now for the rebels which stand out in Ireland;

¹ *That taught, &c.*] *That* disdain taught me craft to counterfeit an oppression of such sorrow, that *that* word *farewell* seemed, by my not uttering it, to be buried in the grave of my sorrow.

² *Marry*] A corrupted form of the adjuration *By Mary*.

³ *His friends*] Those of the common people presently referred to.

⁴ *Underbearing of*] Resignation to.

⁵ *Banish their affects, &c.*] To carry their affections or inclinations with him into banishment.

⁶ *Our subjects', &c.*] The next degree, the next in degree of kingly right, in the expectation of our subjects.

Expedient manage¹ must be made, my liege,
Ere further leisure yield them further means,
For their advantage, and your highness' loss.

K. Rich. We will ourself in person to this war.
And for our coffers, with too great a court
And liberal largess, are grown somewhat light,
We are enforced to farm our royal realm;
The revenue whereof shall furnish us
For our affairs in hand: If that come short,
Our substitutes at home shall have blank charters;²
Whereto, when they shall know what men are rich,
They shall subscribe them for large sums of gold,
And send them after to supply our wants;
For we will make for Ireland presently.

Enter BUSHY.

Bushy, what news?

Bushy. Old John of Gaunt is grievous sick, my lord;
Suddenly taken; and hath sent post haste,
To entreat your majesty to visit him.

K. Rich. Where lies he?

Bushy. At Ely House.³

K. Rich. Now put it, Heaven, in his physician's mind,
To help him to his grave immediately!
The lining of his coffers shall make coats
To deck our soldiers for these Irish wars.
Come, gentlemen, let's all go visit him:
Pray God, we may make haste and come too late!

All. Amen.

[*Exeunt.*]

¹ *Expedient manage*] Expeditious preparation.

² *Blank charters*] To these papers the rich men were first required to append their seals and signatures, and Richard then caused his substitutes or officers to write in them any sums he thought good.

³ *Ely House*] The London residence of the Bishop of Ely, which was in that part of Holborn now called Ely Place.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—London. *A Room in Ely House.*

GAUNT *on a couch*; the DUKE OF YORK and others, standing
by him.

Gaunt. Will the king come? that I may breathe my
last
In wholesome counsel to his unstaid youth.

York. Vex not yourself, nor strive not with your
breath;

For all in vain comes counsel to his ear.

Gaunt. O, but they say, the tongues of dying men
Enforce attention, like deep harmony:

Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in vain,¹

For they breathe truth that breathe their words in pain.

He that no more must say, is listened ² more

Than they whom youth and ease have taught to glose;³

More are men's ends marked than their lives before;

The setting sun, and music at the close,⁴

As the last taste of sweets is sweetest, last⁵

Writ in remembrance more than things long past;⁶

¹ *In vain*] Idly.

² *Listened*] Often used formerly without the preposition *to*.

³ *To glose*] To explain wrongly in a plausible way.

⁴ *At the close*] In those cadences with which it approaches the conclusion.

⁵ *The last taste of sweets*] The last of the confections at the conclusion of a feast. See p. 18, note 2.

⁶ *Last writ, &c.*] That which is last writ is more in remembrance than things which we read long ago.

Though Richard my life's counsel would not hear,
My death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear.

York. No; it is stopped with other flattering sounds,
As praises of his state: then, there are found ¹
Lascivious metres, to whose venom sound
The open ear of youth doth always listen: ¹
Report of fashions in proud Italy; ²
Whose manners still ³ our tardy apish nation
Limps after in base imitation.
Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity,
(So it be new, there's no respect ⁴ how vile,) ¹
That is not quickly buzzed into his ears?
Then all too late comes counsel to be heard,
Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard. ⁵
Direct not him whose way himself will choose;
'Tis breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt thou lose.

¹ *As praises of his state, &c.*] As, for instance, praises of his royal dignity.—We give the line according to the first folio. The reading of the first quarto is 'As praises, of whose taste the wise are found;' in the subsequent editions *taste* is altered to *state*—a proper correction, as the praises were flattering *sounds*; for though *found* might be supposed a misprint for *fond*, we should make an improper mixture of metaphors if we spoke of *sounds* of whose *taste* even the wise are fond.

² *Report of fashions, &c.*] The passion for imitating French and Italian fashions in dress, &c., prevailed in Shakspeare's time, though, perhaps, not in the reign of Richard II. Shakspeare's indifference about anachronisms is proverbial; but his inaccuracies in this way are generally compensated by dramatic advantages. See what Rosalind, in *As you Like it*, iv. 1, says to the travelled Jaques, 'Look you lisp, and wear strange suits; disable all the benefits of your own country, &c.' See also what Portia says of Faulconbridge in *The Merchant of Venice*, i. 2.

³ *Still*] Always; ever.

⁴ *Respect*] Regard; matter.

⁵ *Wit's regard*] Reason's estimate.

Gaunt. Methinks I am a prophet new inspired;
 And thus, expiring, do foretell of him:
 His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last;
 For violent fires¹ soon burn out themselves;
 Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short;
 He tires betimes that spurs too fast betimes;
 With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder:
 Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
 Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.
 This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
 This earth of Majesty, this seat of Mars,
 This other Eden, demi-paradise;
 This fortress, built by nature for herself
 Against infection² and the hand of war;
 This happy³ breed of men, this little world,
 This precious stone set in the silver sea,
 Which serves it in the office of a wall,
 Or as a moat defensive to a house,
 Against the envy of less happier lands;
 This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
 This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
 Feared by⁴ their breed, and famous by their birth,
 Renowned for their deeds as far from home
 (For Christian service and true chivalry)

¹ *Fires*] This word is here to be reckoned a dissyllable. See p. 99, note 3.

² *Against infection*] The plague had so frequently visited England, that Shakspeare could not properly speak of the insular situation of the country as *absolutely* exempting it from 'infection.' The word *infection* is possibly a misprint for *infestation*, as Farmer suggested.

³ *Happy*] Fortunate.

⁴ *By*] On account of.

As is the sepulchre, in stubborn Jewry,
Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's son :—
This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world,
Is now leased out, (I die pronouncing it,)
Like to a tenement or pelting¹ farm:
England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
With inky blots and rotten parchment bonds;
That England that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shameful conquest of itself:
O, would the scandal vanish with my life,
How happy then were my ensuing death!

Enter KING RICHARD *and* QUEEN; AUMERLE, BUSHY,
GREEN, BAGOT, ROSS, *and* WILLOUGHBY.

York. The king is come: deal mildly with his youth.
For young hot colts, being raged,² do rage the more.

Queen. How fares our noble uncle Lancaster?

K. Rich. What comfort, man? How is 't with aged
Gaunt?

Gaunt. O, how that name befits my composition!
Old Gaunt, indeed; and gaunt in being old:
Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast;
And who abstains from meat that is not gaunt?
For sleeping England long time have I watched;
Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt:
The pleasure that some fathers feed upon
Is my strict fast,—I mean my children's looks;

¹ *Pelting*] Paltry. See the Editor's *K. Lear*, p. 54, note 1.

² *Raged*] Raged at. But perhaps Shakspeare wrote *urged*.

And, therein fasting, hast thou made me gaunt ;
Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,
Whose hollow womb inherits nought but bones.

K. Rich. Can sick men play so nicely with their names ?

Gaunt. No, misery makes sport to mock itself :
Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me,¹
I mock my name, great king, to flatter thee.

K. Rich. Should dying men flatter with those that live ?

Gaunt. No, no ; men living flatter those that die.

K. Rich. Thou, now a-dying, say'st thou flatterest me.

Gaunt. Oh ! no ; thou diest, though I the sicker be.

K. Rich. I am in health, I breathe, and see thee ill.

Gaunt. Now, He that made me knows I see thee ill ;
Ill in myself to see,² and in thee seeing ill.

Thy death-bed is no lesser than the land
Wherein thou liest in reputation sick :

And thou, too careless patient as thou art,
Committ'st thy anointed body³ to the cure
Of those physicians that first wounded thee.

A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown,
Whose compass is no bigger than thy head ;
And yet, incaged in so small a verge,⁴
The waste is no whit lesser than thy land.

¹ *To kill my name in me*] To make my title extinct by banishing Bolingbroke in whom I, as it were, live. Gaunt had three sons by his third wife, Catherine Swinford ; they were born before marriage, but were legitimised by Parliament in 1397, and were called *de Beaufort*, from Gaunt's castle of that name in Anjou.

² *Ill in myself to see*] I that see being myself ill.

³ *Anointed body*] *Anointed* means consecrated by the ceremony of anointing. Richard III. (iv. 4) calls himself 'The Lord's anointed.'

⁴ *Verge*] An allusion to the legal term *verge*, which denoted the compass or extent of the king's court, or of the jurisdiction of the lord-steward of the royal household.

O, had thy grandsire, with a prophet's eye,
 Seen how his son's son should destroy his sons,
 From forth¹ thy reach he would have laid thy shame,
 Deposing thee before thou wert possessed,²
 Which art possessed now to depose thyself.
 Why, cousin, wert thou regent of the world,
 It were a shame to let this land by lease :
 But, for thy world enjoying but this land,
 Is it not more than shame to shame it so ?
 Landlord of England art thou now, not king :
 Thy state of law³ is bonds slave to the law ;
 And ——

K. Rich. And thou a lunatic lean-witted fool,
 Presuming on an ague's privilege,
 Dar'st with thy frozen admonition
 Make pale our cheek ; chasing the royal blood
 With fury from his⁴ native residence.
 Now by my seat's right royal majesty,
 Wert thou not brother to great Edward's son,⁵
 This tongue that runs so roundly⁶ in thy head,
 Should run thy head from thy unreverent shoulders.

Gaunt. O, spare me not, my brother Edward's son,
 For that I was his father Edward's son ;
 That blood already, like the pelican,

¹ *From forth*] *From forth* and *from out* are usual poetic licences for forth from, out from.

² *Possessed*] Here used in the ordinary sense ; in next line it means mad, possessed by an evil spirit.

³ *State of law*] Legal rank ; social position.

⁴ *His*] Its. See p. 71, note 3.

⁵ *Great Edward's son*] Edward the Third's son, that is, Edward the Black Prince, Richard's father.

⁶ *Roundly*] Unreservedly ; unrestrainedly. So, in *Hamlet*, iii. 4, 'Be round with him,' and in *Othello*, i. 3, 'A round unvarnished tale.'

Hast thou tapped out,¹ and drunkenly caroused :
 My brother Gloster, plain well-meaning soul,
 (Whom fair befall in heaven 'mongst happy souls !)
 May be a precedent and witness good,
 That thou respect'st not spilling Edward's blood :
 Join with the present sickness that I have ;
 And thy unkindness be like crooked age,²
 To crop at once a too-long withered flower.
 Live in thy shame, but die not shame with thee !—
 These words hereafter thy tormentors be !—
 Convey me to my bed, then to my grave :
 Love they³ to live that love and honour have.

[*Exit, borne out by his Attendants.*]

K. Rich. And let them die that age and sullens⁴ have ;
 For both hast thou, and both become the grave.

York. I do beseech your majesty, impute his words
 To wayward sickliness and age in him :
 He loves you, on my life, and holds you dear
 As Harry duke of Hereford, were he here.

K. Rich. Right ; you say true : as Hereford's love, so
 his :
 As theirs, so mine ; and all be as it is.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

North. My liege, old Gaunt commends him to your
 majesty.

¹ *Hast thou tapped out*] By ordering the Duke of Gloster's death. It was fabled of the pelican, that the young one tapped the breast of the mother, and was fed with her blood. Hence Lear calls his daughters 'Pelican daughters' (iii. 4). The mother bird is called by Laertes (*Hamlet*, iv. 5) 'The kind life-rendering pelican.'

² *Crooked age*] Age with his crooked scythe. Time was often personified as an old man, carrying an hour-glass and a scythe.

³ *Love they*] Let *them* love.

⁴ *Sullens*] A sullen humour. We now say *the sulks*.

K. Rich. What says he?

North. Nay, nothing; all is said:

His tongue is now a stringless instrument;

Words, life, and all, old Lancaster hath spent.

York. Be York the next that must be bankrupt so!

Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.

K. Rich. The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth he;
His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be:¹

So much for that. Now for our Irish wars:

We must supplant those rough rug-headed kerns,²

Which live like venom, where no venom else³

But only they hath privilege to live.

And, for these great affairs do ask some charge,

Towards our assistance, we do seize to us

The plate, coin, revenues, and movables,

Whereof our uncle Gaunt did stand possessed.

York. How long shall I be patient? Ah, how long

Shall tender duty⁴ make me suffer wrong?

Not Gloster's death, nor Hereford's banishment,

Nor Gaunt's rebukes,⁵ nor England's private wrongs,

Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke

About his marriage,⁶ nor my own disgrace,

Have ever made me sour my patient cheek,

Or bend one wrinkle on my sovereign's face.

I am the last⁷ of noble Edward's sons,

¹ *Must be*] That is, must one day be spent too.

² *Kerns*] Irish light-armed foot-soldiers. So, in *Macbeth*, i. 2, 'Kerns and gallowglasses;' and in 2 *Henry VI.* iii. 1, 'A shag-haired crafty kern.'

³ *No venom else*] An allusion to the belief that no venomous animals were to be found in Ireland.

⁴ *Tender duty*] Sensitive loyalty to the throne.

⁵ *Gaunt's rebukes*] The rebukes of Gaunt.

⁶ *About his marriage*] See Hist. Notes, vii.

⁷ *The last*] The last surviving.

Of whom thy father, prince of Wales, was first ;
 In war, was never lion raged¹ more fierce,
 In peace, was never gentle lamb more mild,
 Than was that young and princely gentleman :
 His face thou hast, for even so looked he,
 Accomplished with the number of thy hours ;²
 But when he frowned it was against the French,
 And not against his friends ; his noble hand
 Did win what he did spend, and spent not that
 Which his triumphant father's hand had won :
 His hands were guilty of no kindred blood,
 But bloody with the enemies of his kin.
 O, Richard ! York is too far gone with grief,
 Or else he never would compare between—

K. Rich. Why, uncle, what's the matter?

York. O, my liege,
 Pardon me, if you please ; if not, I, pleased
 Not to be pardoned, am content withal.
 Seek you to seize, and gripe into your hands,
 The royalties and rights of banished Hereford ?
 Is not Gaunt dead ? and doth not Hereford live ?
 Was not Gaunt just ? and is not Harry true ?
 Did not the one deserve to have an heir ?
 Is not this heir a well-deserving son ?
 Take Hereford's rights away, and take from time
 His charters, and his customary rights :³

¹ *Raged*] That raged. The omission of a relative pronoun of the nominative case, common in Shakspeare, is not now well sanctioned even in poetry. The omission of a relative of the objective case is common enough in both prose and poetry.

² *Accomplished with the number, &c.*] When he had accomplished or completed the number, &c. ; when he had reached thy age. The Black Prince died at the age of forty-six ; Richard was now thirty-two years old.

³ *Take from time, &c.*] You deprive time of its customary authority to make occasion for inheritance by succession.

Let not to-morrow then ensue to-day ;
Be not thyself ; for how art thou a king,
But by fair sequence and succession ?
Now, afore God, (God forbid I say true !)
If you do wrongfully seize Hereford's right,
Call in the letters-patents that he hath,
By his attorneys-general to sue
His livery,¹ and deny his offered homage,—
You pluck a thousand dangers on your head,
You lose a thousand well-disposed hearts,
And prick my tender patience to those thoughts
Which honour and allegiance cannot think.

K. Rich. Think what you will ; we seize into our hands
His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.

York. I'll not be by the while : My liege, farewell :
What will ensue hereof there's none can tell ;
But by bad courses may be understood,
That their events can never fall out good. [*Exit.*]

K. Rich. Go, Bushy, to the earl of Wiltshire straight ;
Bid him repair to us to Ely House
To see this business : ² To-morrow next
We will for Ireland ; and 'tis time, I trow ;
And we create, in absence of ourself,
Our uncle York lord governor of England,
For he is just, and always loved us well.

¹ *By his attorneys-general, &c.*] To sue his livery by his attorneys-general. To sue livery for him meant to claim delivery to him, as lawful inheritor, of all property and rights of which Gaunt, his predecessor, had feudal tenure.

² *To see this business*] To see about or consider this business. The word business pronounced here as a trisyllable. It appears that Richard farmed the realm not only to Sir William Scrope, Earl of Wiltshire and Treasurer of England, but also to Sir John Bushy, Sir William Bagot, and Sir Henry Green, Knights.

Come on, our queen : to-morrow must we part ;
Be merry, for our time of stay is short. [*Flourish.*

[*Exeunt* KING, QUEEN, BUSHY, AUM., GREEN,
and BAGOT.

North. Well, lords, the duke of Lancaster is dead.

Ross. And living too ; for now his son is duke.

Willo. Barely in title, not in revenue.

North. Richly in both, if justice had her right.

Ross. My heart is great ;¹ but it must break with silence,
Ere't be disburthened with a liberal tongue.²

North. Nay, speak thy mind ; and let him ne'er speak
more

That speaks thy words again to do thee harm !

Willo. Tends that thou'dst speak to the duke of Here-
ford ?

If it be so, out with it boldly, man ;

Quick is mine ear to hear of good towards him.

Ross. No good at all that I can do for him ;

Unless you call it good to pity him,

Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.

North. Now, afore heaven, 'tis shame such wrongs are
borne,

In him a royal prince, and many more

Of noble blood in this declining land.

The king is not himself, but basely led

By flatterers ; and what they will inform,

Merely in hate, 'gainst any of us all,

That will the king severely prosecute

'Gainst us, our lives, our children, and our heirs.

Ross. The commons hath he pilled³ with grievous taxes,

¹ *Great*] Big with sorrow and indignation.

² *It must break with silence, &c.*] Compare *Hamlet*, i. 2, 'But break my heart, for I must hold my tongue.'

³ *Pilled*] Pillaged ; robbed. From the French *piller*.

And quite lost their hearts : the nobles hath he fined
For ancient quarrels,¹ and quite lost their hearts.

Willo. And daily new exactions are devised—
As blanks, benevolences,² and I wot not what;
But what, o' God's name, doth become of this?

North. Wars have not wasted it, for warred he hath not,
But basely yielded upon compromise
That which his ancestors achieved with blows :
More hath he spent in peace than they in wars.

Ross. The earl of Wiltshire hath the realm in farm.

Willo. The king's grown bankrupt, like a broken man.

North. Reproach and dissolution hangeth over him.

Ross. He hath not money for these Irish wars,
His burthenous taxations notwithstanding,³
But by the robbing of the banished duke.

North. His noble kinsman : most degenerate king !
But, lords, we hear this fearful tempest sing,
Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm :
We see the wind sit sore upon our sails,
And yet we strike not, but securely perish.⁴

Ross. We see the very wrack that we must suffer ;
And unavoided is the danger now,
For suffering so the causes of our wrack.⁵

North. Not so ; even through the hollow eyes of death

¹ *For ancient quarrels*] For supposed offences of an old date.

² *Benevolences*] A euphemistic name for forced loans.

³ *Notwithstanding*] This word, now regarded grammatically as a preposition, and placed before its noun, is really the negatived participle of a verb used intransitively, and in construction with a nominative absolute.

⁴ *Strike not, &c.*] Strike not our sails, that is, lower them. *Securely* means *heedlessly*; a very frequent meaning in our early writers. See the Editor's *Hamlet*, p. 37, note 1.

⁵ *Unavoided is the danger, &c.*] The danger is now one that cannot be avoided because we have tolerated the causes, &c.

I spy life peering ; but I dare not say
How near the tidings of our comfort is.

Willo. Nay, let us share thy thoughts, as thou dost
ours.

Ross. Be confident to speak, Northumberland ;
We three are but thyself, and speaking so,
Thy words are but as thoughts ; therefore, be bold.

North. Then thus :—I have from Port le Blanc, a bay
In Brittany, received intelligence
That Harry, duke of Hereford, Reignold lord Cobham,¹
That late broke from the duke of Exeter,
His brother, archbishop late of Canterbury,
Sir Thomas Erpingham, sir John Ramston,²
Sir John Norbery, sir Robert Waterton, and Francis
Quoint,—

All these, well furnished by the duke of Bretagne,³
With eight tall ships,⁴ three thousand men of war,
Are making hither with all due expedience,⁵
And shortly mean to touch our northern shore :
Perhaps they had ere this, but that they stay
The first departing of the king ⁶ for Ireland.
If, then, we shall shake off our slavish yoke,

¹ *Reignold Lord Cobham*] It was not Reginald Lord Cobham who was in custody of the Duke of Exeter, or who was the brother of the Archbishop, but according to the line proposed by Malone to be inserted here, 'The son of Richard Earl of Arundel.' The Duke of Exeter was Bolingbroke's brother-in-law. See Hist. Notes, iv.

² *Sir John Ramston*] Holinshed has Sir Thomas Ramston.

³ *The Duke of Bretagne*] John, Duke of Brittany, married Mary, daughter of Edward III., and aunt of Bolingbroke.

⁴ *Tall ships*] The word *tall* was applied both to men and ships to denote *strong* or *sturdy*.

⁵ *Expedience*] Expedition. See p. 31, note 1.

⁶ *The first departing, &c.*] Till the king shall have first departed.

Imp out ¹ our drooping country's broken wing,
Redeem from broking pawn the blemished crown,
Wipe off the dust that hides our sceptre's gilt,
And make high majesty look like itself,—
Away with me in post to Ravenspurg: ²
But if you faint, as fearing to do so,
Stay and be secret, and myself will go.

Ross. To horse, to horse! urge doubts to them that fear.

Willo. Hold out my horse, ³ and I will first be there.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter QUEEN, BUSHY, and BAGOT.

Bushy. Madam, your majesty is too much sad:
You promised, when you parted with the king
To lay aside life-harming heaviness,
And entertain a cheerful disposition.

Queen. To please the king, I did; to please myself,
I cannot do it; yet I know no cause
Why I should welcome such a guest as grief,
Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest
As my sweet Richard: Yet, again, methinks,
Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,
Is coming towards me; and my inward soul

¹ *Imp out*] To imp originally meant to graft. To imp out the wing of a hawk was to repair it where feathers happened to be lost or broken.

² *Ravenspurg*] Ravenspur, where Bolingbroke landed, was in Yorkshire, near Spurnhead. It has disappeared beneath the encroaching waters of the German Ocean.

³ *Hold out my horse*] Let my horse hold out.

With nothing trembles : at something it grieves
More than with parting from my lord the king.

Bushy. Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,
Which shows like grief itself,¹ but is not so :
For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,
Divides one thing entire to many objects,²
Like perspectives, which rightly gazed upon,
Show nothing but confusion,—eyed awry,
Distinguish form :³ so your sweet majesty,
Looking awry upon your lord's departure,
Finds shapes of griefs more than himself to wail ;
Which, looked on as it is, is nought but shadows
Of what it is not. Then, thrice-gracious queen,
More than your lord's departure weep not ; more's not seen :
Or if it be, 'tis with false sorrow's eye,
Which, for things true, weeps things imaginary.

Queen. It may be so ; but yet my inward soul
Persuades me it is otherwise : Howe'er it be,
I cannot but be sad ; so heavy sad,
As—though, in thinking, on no thought I think—
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink.

Bushy. 'Tis nothing but conceit, my gracious lady.

¹ *Which shows, &c.*] Which looks, &c. : formerly a common meaning of the verb. The singular number is ungrammatical ; but, of course, the meaning is, that each shadow of the substance resembled the substance.

² *To many objects*] So as to make it have the appearance of many detached parts.

³ *Perspectives, &c.*] These ingenious pictorial artifices are often referred to by the old writers. They were of various kinds. Shakespeare seems here to refer to a painting which, when viewed *directly*, presented to the eye a confused group of irregular spots and lines, but which were so arranged according to the rules of *perspective*, that, when the painting was viewed *obliquely*, the spots, lines, and blank spaces became so contracted as to form a proper picture.

Queen. 'Tis nothing less : ¹ conceit is still derived
From some forefather grief ; ² mine is not so ;
For nothing had begot my something grief,
Or something hath the nothing ³ that I grieve ;
'Tis in reversion that I do possess ;
But what it is, that is not yet known ; what,
I cannot name ; 'tis nameless woe, I wot.

Enter GREEN.

Green. Heaven save your majesty ! — and well met,
gentlemen : —
I hope the king is not yet shipped for Ireland.

Queen. Why hop'st thou so ? 'tis better hope he is ;
For his designs crave haste, his haste good hope ;
Then wherefore dost thou hope he is not shipped ?

Green. That he, our hope, might have retired his power, ⁴
And driven into despair an enemy's hope,
Who strongly hath set footing in this land :
The banished Bolingbroke repeals himself,
And with uplifted arms is safe arrived
At Ravenspurg.

Queen. Now God in heaven forbid !

Green. O, madam, 'tis too true ; and, that ⁵ is worse,

¹ *'Tis nothing less]* Nothing can be less so ; it is any thing but conceit. In this sense the words were anciently quite familiar. Thus in Latimer's Sermons, 'Many things were taken for prayer when they were nothing less.' 'Such outward acts seem to be done with a good heart, when it is nothing less.' See the Editor's 'Summary of Bacon's Advancement of Learning,' foot of p. 69.

² *Conceit is still derived, &c.]* Conception of grief is always derived from some actual grief.

³ *Something hath the nothing]* Some future thing contains the present nothing.

⁴ *Retired his power]* Brought back his army.

⁵ *That]* Which.

The lord Northumberland, his son, young Henry Percy,
The lords of Ross, Beaumond, and Willoughby,
With all their powerful friends, are fled to him.

Bushy. Why have you not proclaimed Northumberland
And the rest of the revolted faction traitors?

Green. We have : whereupon the earl of Worcester¹
Hath broke his staff, resigned his stewardship,
And all the household servants fled with him
To Bolingbroke.

Queen. So, Green, thou art the midwife to my woe,
And Bolingbroke my sorrow's dismal heir :
Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy .
And I, a gasping new-delivered mother,
Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow, joined.

Bushy. Despair not, madam.

Queen. Who shall hinder me ?
I will despair, and be at enmity
With cozening hope ; he is a flatterer,
A parasite, a keeper-back of death,
Who gently would dissolve the bands of life
Which false hope lingers in extremity.²

Enter YORK.

Green. Here comes the duke of York.

Queen. With signs of war³ about his aged neck ;
O, full of careful⁴ business are his looks !

¹ *The Earl of Worcester*] Thomas Percy, brother of the Earl of Northumberland, and Lord Steward of the king's household.

² *Lingers in extremity*] Causes to linger in a condition of extreme misery.

³ *Signs of war*] Defensive armour : the military gorget.

⁴ *Careful*] Anxious. The ordinary meaning in old times. See, in Scripture, Luke x. 41, 'Thou art careful and troubled about many things.'

Uncle, for Heaven's sake, speak comfortable words.

York. Should I do so, I should belie my thoughts :
Comfort's in heaven ; and we are on the earth,
Where nothing lives but crosses, cares, and grief.
Your husband he is gone to save far off,
Whilst others come to make him lose at home :
Here am I left to underprop his land ;
Who, weak with age, cannot support myself :
Now comes the sick hour that his surfeit made ;¹
Now shall he try his friends that flattered him.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, your son was gone before I came.

York. He was?—Why, so!²—go all which way it will!
The nobles they are fled, the commons they are cold,
And will, I fear, revolt on Hereford's side.—
Sirrah, get thee to Plashy, to my sister Gloster ;—
Bid her send me presently a thousand pound :
Hold, take my ring.

Serv. My lord, I had forgot to tell your lordship :
To-day, as I came by, I called there ;—
But I shall grieve you to report the rest.

York. What is it, knave?³

Serv. An hour before I came, the duchess died.

York. Heaven for his mercy ! what a tide of wocs
Comes rushing on this woeful land at once !
I know not what to do :—I would to Heaven,

¹ *The sick hour, &c.*] Compare *K. Lear*, i. 2, 'When we are sick in fortune—often the surfeit of our own behaviour.'

² *So*] Such is the case ; be it so. In *The Merchant of Venice*, i. 3, Shylock says, 'If he will take it, so ; if not, adieu.'

³ *Knave*] Fellow. The word originally meant a boy. Chaucer calls a male infant a knave child. See the Editor's *Julius Cæsar*, p. 115, note 1.

(So my untruth had not provoked¹ him to it,)
The king had cut off my head with my brother's.
What, are there no posts despatched for Ireland?—
How shall we do for money for these wars?—
Come, sister—cousin, I would say : pray, pardon me.—
Go, fellow [*to the Servant*], get thee home, provide some
carts,

And bring away the armour that is there.— [*Exit Servant.*
Gentlemen, will you go muster men ? If I know
How or which way to order these affairs,
Thus disorderly thrust into my hands,
Never believe me. Both are my kinsmen ;—
The one is my sovereign, whom both my oath
And duty bids defend ; the other again
Is my kinsman, whom the king hath wronged,
Whom conscience and my kindred bids to right.
Well, somewhat we must do.—
Come, cousin, I'll dispose of you :—Gentlemen,
Go muster up your men, and meet me presently
At Berkley castle. I should to Plashy too ;
But time will not permit :—All is uneven.
And everything is left at six and seven.

[*Exeunt YORK and QUEEN.*

Bushy. The wind sits fair for news to go to Ireland,
But none returns. For us to levy power,
Proportionable to the enemy,
Is all impossible.

Green. Besides, our nearness to the king in love,
Is near² the hate of those love³ not the king.

Bagot. And that's the wavering commons : for their love

¹ *So my untruth, &c.*] Provided no disloyalty in me had provoked, &c.

² *Is near*] Places us in near exposure to.

³ *Love*] That love. See p. 5, note 9.

Lies in their purses ; and whoso empties them,
By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.

Bushy. Wherein the king stands generally condemned.

Bagot. If judgment lie in them, then so do we,¹
Because we ever have been near the king.

Green. Well, I'll for refuge straight to Bristol castle ;
The Earl of Wiltshire is already there.

Bushy. Thither will I with you : for little office
The hateful² commons will perform for us ;
Except, like curs, to tear us all to pieces.—
Will you go along with us ?

Bagot. No ; I will to Ireland to his majesty.
Farewell : if heart's presages be not vain,
We three here part, that ne'er shall meet again.

Bushy. That's as York thrives to beat back Bolingbroke.

Green. Alas, poor duke ! the task he undertakes
Is numbering sands, and drinking oceans dry ;
Where one on his side fights, thousands will fly.
Farewell at once ; for once, for all, and ever.

Bushy. Well, we may meet again.

Bagot. I fear me,³ never.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Wilds in Gloucestershire.*

Enter BOLINGBROKE and NORTHUMBERLAND, with Forces.

Boling. How far is it, my lord, to Berkley now ?

North. Believe me, noble lord,

¹ *If judgment, &c.*] If they have power of judgment, then so do we stand condemned.

² *Hateful*] Full of hate.

³ *I fear me*] This reflexive use of the verb *fear* is very common in Shakspeare.

I am a stranger here in Gloucestershire.
These high wild hills and rough uneven ways
Draw out our miles, and make them wearisome:
And yet your fair discourse hath been as sugar,
Making the hard way sweet and delectable.
But, I bethink me, what a weary way
From Ravenspurg to Cotswold will be found
In Ross and Willoughby, wanting your company;
Which, I protest, hath very much beguiled
The tediousness and process of my travel:
But theirs is sweetened with the hope to have
The present benefit which I possess:
And hope to joy¹ is little less in joy
Than hope enjoyed. By this the weary lords
Shall make their way seem short, as mine hath done
By sight of what I have, your noble company.

Boling. Of much less value is my company
Than your good words. But who comes here?

Enter HARRY PERCY.

North. It is my son, young Harry Percy,
Sent from my brother Worcester, whencesoever.—
Harry, how fares your uncle?

Percy. I had thought, my lord, to have learned his health
of you.

North. Why, is he not with the queen?

Percy. No, my good lord; he hath forsook the court,
Broken his staff of office, and dispersed
The household of the king.

North. What was his reason?
He was not so resolved when last we spake together.

Percy. Because your lordship was proclaimed traitor.

¹ To joy] To enjoy.

But he, my lord, is gone to Ravenspurg,
To offer service to the duke of Hereford;
And sent me over by Berkley, to discover
What power the duke of York had levied there
Then with directions to repair to Ravenspurg.

North. Have you forgot the duke of Hereford, boy?

Percy. No, my good lord; for that is not forgot
Which ne'er I did remember: to my knowledge,
I never in my life did look on him.

North. Then learn to know him now; this is the duke.

Percy. My gracious lord, I tender you my service,
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young;
Which elder days shall ripen, and confirm
To more approved service and desert.

Boling. I thank thee, gentle Percy; and be sure,
I count myself in nothing else so happy
As in a soul remembering my good friends;
And as my fortune ripens with thy love,
It shall be still thy true love's recompense:
My heart this covenant makes, my hand thus seals it.

North. How far is it to Berkley? And what stir
Keeps good old York there, with his men of war?

Percy. There stands the castle, by yon tuft of trees,
Manned with three hundred men, as I have heard:
And in it are the lords of York, Berkley, and Seymour;
None else of name and noble estimate.

Enter Ross and Willoughby.

North. Here come the lords of Ross and Willoughby,
Bloody with spurring, fiery-red with haste.

Boling. Welcome, my lords: I wot your love pursues
A banished traitor; all my treasury
Is yet but unfelt thanks, which, more enriched,
Shall be your love and labour's recompense.

Ross. Your presence makes us rich, most noble lord.

Willo. And far surmounts our labour to attain it.

Boling. Evermore thanks, the exchequer of the poor ;¹
Which till my infant fortune comes to years,
Stands for my bounty. But who comes here ?

Enter BERKLEY.

North. It is my lord of Berkley, as I guess.

Berk. My lord of Hereford, my message is to you.

Boling. My lord, my answer is to Lancaster :²
And I am come to seek that name in England :
And I must find that title in your tongue,
Before I make reply to aught you say.

Berk. Mistake me not, my lord ; 'tis not my meaning
To raze one title of your honour out :—
To you, my lord, I come, (what lord you will,)
From the most gracious regent of this land,
The duke of York, to know what pricks you on
To take advantage of the absent time,³
And fright our native peace with self-born arms.

Enter YORK, attended.

Boling. I shall not need transport my words by you ;
Here comes his grace in person.—My noble uncle ! [*Kneels.*

York. Show me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,
Whose duty is deceivable and false.

Boling. My gracious uncle,—

York. Tut, tut !

Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle.

I am no traitor's uncle ; and that word, grace,

¹ *The exchequer of the poor*] Which is all the means of payment that the poor possess.

² *To Lancaster*] To the name of Lancaster.

³ *The absent time*] The time of the king's absence.

In an ungracious mouth is but profane.
 Why have these banished and forbidden legs
 Dared once to touch a dust of England's ground?
 But more than why;¹ why have they dared to march
 So many miles upon her peaceful bosom,
 Frighting her pale-faced villages with war,
 And ostentation of despised² arms?
 Com'st thou because the anointed king is hence?
 Why, foolish boy, the king is left behind,
 And in my loyal bosom lies his power.
 Were I but now the lord of such hot youth
 As when brave Gaunt, thy father, and myself
 Rescued the Black Prince, that young Mars³ of men,
 From forth the ranks of many thousand French,
 O, then, how quickly should this arm of mine,
 Now prisoner to the palsy, chastise thee,
 And minister correction to thy fault!

Boling. My gracious uncle, let me know my fault;
 On what condition stands it, and wherein?

York. Even in condition of the worst degree,—
 In gross rebellion and detested treason:
 Thou art a banished man, and here art come,
 Before the expiration of thy time,
 In braving arms against thy sovereign.

Boling. As I was banished, I was banished Hereford;
 But as I come, I come for Lancaster.

¹ *But more than why*] But more than that *why*.—We have followed the first folio, which has 'more then why;' *then*, as customary with old writers, being there used for *than*. The earlier reading, 'But then more why,' if correct, must mean *but again, there is another why to be asked*.

² *Despised*] Despicable.

³ *That young Mars*] So *Macbeth* (i. 2) is called 'That Bellona's bridegroom.'

And, noble uncle, I beseech your grace,
 Look on my wrongs with an indifferent¹ eye :
 You are my father, for methinks in you
 I see old Gaunt alive. O, then, my father,
 Will you permit that I shall stand condemned
 A wandering vagabond ; my rights and royalties
 Plucked from my arms perforce, and given away
 To upstart unthrifths ? Wherefore was I born ?
 If that my cousin king be king of England,
 It must be granted I am duke of Lancaster.
 You have a son, Aumerle, my noble kinsman ;
 Had you first died, and he been thus trod down,
 He should have found his uncle Gaunt a father,
 To rouse his wrongs, and chase them to the bay.²
 I am denied to sue my livery here,
 And yet my letters-patent give me leave :
 My father's goods are all distrained and sold,
 And these and all are all amiss employed.
 What would you have me do ? I am a subject,
 And challenge law : Attorneys are denied me ;
 And therefore personally I lay my claim
 To my inheritance of free descent.

North. The noble duke hath been too much abused.

Ross. It stands your grace upon³ to do him right.

Willo. Base men by his endowments are made great.

¹ *Indifferent*] Impartial.

² *To the bay*] To desperation : to the utmost distance they might run before turning round to hold him at bay. A stag at bay is one that being tired with running, or prevented from running farther, turns round in desperation on his pursuers. The expression, *to the bay*, is derived from the French *aux abois*, at the point of death.

³ *It stands your grace upon*] It is incumbent on your grace. So, in *K. Richard III.*, iv. 2, 'It stands me much upon to stop all hopes.' See the Editor's *Hamlet*, p. 150, note 1, and *K. Lear*, p. 127, note 2.

York. My lords of England, let me tell you this:—
I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs,
And laboured all I could to do him right
But in this kind to come,¹ in braving arms,
Be his own carver, and cut out his way,
To find out right with wrongs,—it may not be;
And you that do abet him in this kind,
Cherish rebellion, and are rebels all.

North. The noble duke hath sworn his coming is
But for his own: and, for the right of that,
We all have strongly sworn to give him aid;
And let him ne'er see joy that breaks that oath.

York. Well, well, I see the issue of these arms;
I cannot mend it, I must needs confess,
Because my power is weak, and all ill left:²
But if I could, by Him that gave me life,
I would attach³ you all, and make you stoop
Unto the sovereign mercy of the king;
But, since I cannot, be it known to you,
I do remain as neuter. So, fare you well;—
Unless you please to enter in the castle,
And there repose you for this night.

Boling. An offer, uncle, that we will accept.
But we must win your grace to go with us
To Bristol castle; which, they say, is held
By Bushy, Bagot, and their complices,
The caterpillars of the commonwealth,
Which I have sworn to weed and pluck away.

York. It may be I will go with you:—but yet I'll
pause;
For I am loth to break our country's laws.

¹ *In this kind to come]* To come in this manner.

² *Ill left]* Is left in my hands in bad condition.

³ *Attach]* Arrest.

Nor friends, nor foes, to me welcome you are :
Things past redress are now with me past care. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Camp in Wales.*

Enter SALISBURY and a Captain.

Cap. My lord of Salisbury, we have stayed ten days,
And hardly kept our countrymen together,
And yet we hear no tidings from the king ;
Therefore we will disperse ourselves : farewell.

Sal. Stay yet another day, thou trusty Welshman ;
The king reposeth all his confidence in thee.

Cap. 'Tis thought the king is dead ; we will not stay.
The bay-trees in our country are all withered,¹
And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven ;
The pale-faced moon looks bloody on the earth,
And lean-looked prophets whisper fearful change ;
Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and leap,—
The one, in fear to lose what they enjoy,
The other, to enjoy by rage and war :
These signs forerun the death or fall of kings.—
Farewell ; our countrymen are gone and fled,
As well assured Richard their king is dead. [*Exit.*]

Sal. Ah, Richard ! with the eyes of heavy mind,
I see thy glory like a shooting star
Fall to the base earth from the firmament !
Thy sun sets weeping in the lowly west,
Witnessing storms to come, woe, and unrest ;
Thy friends are fled to wait upon thy foes,
And crossly to thy good all fortune goes. [*Exit.*]

¹ *The bay-trees, &c.]* Holinshed says, 'In this year [1399] old bay-trees withered and afterwards grew green again, a strange sight, and supposed to import some unknown event.' See Suetonius, vii. 1.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Bolingbroke's *Camp at Bristol*.

Enter BOLINGBROKE, YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, PERCY, WILLOUGHBY, ROSS : Officers behind, with BUSHY and GREEN, prisoners.

Boling. Bring forth these men.—

Bushy and Green, I will not vex your souls
 (Since presently your souls must part your bodies)¹
 With too much urging your pernicious lives,²
 For 'twere no charity : yet, to wash your blood
 From off my hands, here, in the view of men,
 I will unfold some causes of your deaths.
 You have misled a prince, a royal king,
 A happy³ gentleman in blood and lineaments,
 By you unhappied and disfigured clean.
 You have, in manner,⁴ with your sinful hours,
 Made a divorce betwixt his queen and him ;
 Broke the possession of a royal bed,
 And stained the beauty of a fair queen's cheeks
 With tears, drawn from her eyes by your foul wrongs.
 Myself—a prince by fortune of my birth,

¹ *Part your bodies*] Part from your bodies. We still say *departed this life*.

² *Urging, &c.*] Asserting the pernicious conduct of your lives.

³ *Happy*] Fortunate. *Happy in blood* means blessed with a good natural disposition.

⁴ *In manner*] As it were.

Near to the king in blood, and near in love,
Till you did make him misinterpret me,—
Have stooped my neck under your injuries,
And sighed my English breath in foreign clouds,¹
Eating the bitter bread of banishment :
While you have fed upon my seignories,
Disparked² my parks, and felled my forest woods ;
From mine own windows torn my household coat,³
Razed out my impress,⁴ leaving me no sign—
Save men's opinions and my living blood—
To show the world I am a gentleman.
This, and much more, much more than twice all this,
Condemns you to the death : ⁵—See them delivered over
To execution and the hand of death.

Bushy. More welcome is the stroke of death to me,
Than Bolingbroke to England. Lords, farewell.

Green. My comfort is, that heaven will take our souls,
And plague injustice with the pains of hell.

Boling. My lord Northumberland, see them despatched.

[*Exeunt* NORTHUMBERLAND and others, with Prisoners.
Uncle, you say the queen is at your house :
For heaven's sake, fairly let her be entreated :
Tell her, I send to her my kind commends ;
Take special care my greetings be delivered.

York. A gentleman of mine I have despatched
With letters of your love to her at large.

¹ *Foreign clouds*] That is, clouds of breath exhaled in a foreign land. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*, i. 1, 'Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs.'

² *Disparked*] Thrown open.

³ *Coat*] Coat of arms.

⁴ *Impress*] Emblem and motto. Bolingbroke's word or motto was *Souveraine*, a word, no doubt, offensive to Richard.

⁵ *The death*] The extreme penalty of death.

Boling. 'Thanks, gentle uncle.—Come, lords, away;
To fight with Glendower¹ and his complices;
Awhile to work, and after, holiday. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Coast of Wales. A Castle in View.*

*Flourish: Drums and Trumpets. Enter KING RICHARD,
BISHOP OF CARLISLE, AUMERLE, and Soldiers.*

K. Rich. Barkloughly² castle call you this at hand?

Aum. Yea, my lord, how brooks your grace the air,
After your late tossing on the breaking seas?

K. Rich. Needs must I like it well; I weep for joy,
To stand upon my kingdom once again.

Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,
Though rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs:

As a long-parted mother, with her child,³
Plays fondly with her tears and smiles in meeting;

So, weeping-smiling, greet I thee, my earth,
And do thee favour with my royal hands.

Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,
Nor with thy sweets comfort his ravenous sense:

But let thy spiders that suck up thy venom,
And heavy-gaited toads, lie in their way,⁴

Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet

¹ *To fight with Glendower]* It was after Bolingbroke's accession to the throne that he fought against Owen Glendower.

² *Barkloughly]* The name more properly appears to have been Hertlowly.

³ *With her child]* Probably the direct construction is 'in meeting with her child.' Shakspeare was much addicted to such indirect arrangement.

⁴ *In their way]* The plural pronoun ungrammatically supplants his, or else refers by anticipation to the word *feet* in the next line.

Which with usurping steps do trample thee.
 Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies :
 And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,
 Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder,
 Whose double ¹ tongue may with a mortal touch
 Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies.
 Mock not my senseless conjuration,² lords ;
 This earth shall have a feeling, and these stones
 Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king³
 Shall falter under foul rebellion's arms.

Bishop. Fear not, my lord ; that Power that made you
 king

Hath power to keep you king, in spite of all.
 The means that heaven yields must be embraced,
 And not neglected ; else, if heaven would,
 And we will not, heaven's offer we refuse,—
 The proffered means of succour and redress.

Aum. He means, my lord, that we are too remiss ;
 Whilst Bolingbroke, through our security,⁴
 Grows strong and great, in substance and in power.

K. Rich. Discomfortable cousin ! know'st thou not,
 That, when the searching eye of heaven is hid,
 Behind the globe that lights the lower world,⁵
 Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen,
 In murders and in outrage, boldly ⁶ here ;

¹ *Double*] Forked.

² *My senseless conjuration*] My thus conjuring or adjuring senseless things. Compare 'the absent time,' p. 54.

³ *Native king*] *Native* here signifies *by natural descent*. Bordeaux was Richard's birth-place.

⁴ *Security*] Heedlessness. See p. 43, note 4.

⁵ *Behind the globe, &c.*] The direct construction is 'That lights the lower world behind the globe.' See p. 10, note 5.

⁶ *Boldly*] The first quarto has *bouldy*, subsequent editions, *bloody* ; but *boldly*, we have no doubt, was Shakspeare's word, because *range*

But when, from under this terrestrial ball,
 He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,
 And darts his light through every guilty hole,
 Then murders, treasons, and detested sins,
 The cloak of night being plucked from off their backs,
 Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves?
 So when this thief, this traitor, Bolingbroke,—
 Who all this while hath revelled in the night,
 Whilst we were wandering with the Antipodes,—
 Shall see us rising in our throne, the east,
 His treasons will sit blushing in his face,
 Not able to endure the sight of day,
 But, self-affrighted, tremble at his sin.
 Not all the water in the rough rude sea
 Can wash the balm from an anointed king:
 The breath of worldly men cannot depose
 The deputy elected¹ by the Lord:
 For every man that Bolingbroke hath pressed,²
 To lift shrewd³ steel against our golden crown,
 Heaven for his Richard hath in heavenly pay
 A glorious angel: then, if angels fight,
 Weak men must fall; for heaven still guards the right.

Enter SALISBURY.

Welcome, my lord: How far off lies your power?

Sal. Nor near,⁴ nor farther off, my gracious lord,

boldly is in precise antithesis to *stand trembling*, in the sixth line below.

¹ *Elected*] This is allusive to the distinction between hereditary and elective monarchy; and is intended to signify that birth-right inheritance is Divine election.

² *Pressed*] Enlisted in his service.

³ *Shrewd*] Keen; sharp; or, perhaps, quarrelsome.

⁴ *Near*] Nearer. The word *near* often occurs, in old authors, as

Than this weak arm : Discomfort guides my tongue,
 And bids me speak of nothing but despair.
 One day too late, I fear, my noble lord,
 Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth :
 O, call back yesterday, bid time return,
 And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men :
 To-day, to-day, unhappy day, too late,
 O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune, and thy state ;
 For all the Welshmen, hearing thou wert dead,
 Are gone to Bolingbroke, dispersed and fled.

Aum. Comfort, my liege ; why looks your grace so pale ?

K. Rich. But now, the blood of twenty thousand men

Did triumph in my face, and they are fled ;

And, till so much blood thither come again,

Have I not reason to look pale and dead ?

All souls that will be safe fly from my side ;

For time hath set a blot upon my pride.

Aum. Comfort, my liege ; remember who you are.

K. Rich. I had forgot myself : Am I not king ?

Awake thou coward majesty ! thou sleepest.

Is not the king's name twenty thousand names ? ¹

Arm, arm, my name ! a puny subject strikes

At thy great glory.—Look not to the ground,

Ye favourites of a king. Are we not high ?

High be our thoughts : I know my uncle York

Hath power enough to serve our turn. But who

Comes here ?

a comparative. It was, indeed, properly the comparative of the Saxon word *neah*, of which the modern form is *nigh*.

¹ *Is not the king's name, &c.*] Compare *K. Richard III.*, v. 3, 'The king's name is a tower of strength.'

*Enter SCROOP.*¹

Scroop. More health and happiness betide my liege,
Than can my care-tuned tongue deliver him.

K. Rich. Mine ear is open, and my heart prepared;
The worst is worldly loss thou canst unfold.²

Say, is my kingdom lost? why, 'twas my care;
And what loss is it to be rid of care?

Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we?

Greater he shall not be; if he serve God,

We'll serve him too, and be his fellow so.

Revolt our subjects? that we cannot mend;

They break their faith to God, as well as us:

Cry woe, destruction, ruin, loss, decay;

The worst is death, and death will have his day.

Scroop. Glad am I that your highness is so armed
To bear the tidings of calamity.

Like an unseasonable stormy day,

Which makes the silver rivers drown their shores,

As if the world were all dissolved to tears,—

So high above its limits swells the rage

Of Bolingbroke, covering your fearful land

With hard bright steel, and hearts harder than steel.

White beards have armed their thin and hairless³ scalps

Against thy majesty; and boys, with women's voices,

Strive to speak big, and clap their female⁴ joints

In stiff unwieldy arms against thy crown:

¹ *Scroop*] Sir Stephen Scroop or Scrope, Lord Scrope of Masham, elder brother of the Earl of Wiltshire, was distinguished for his loyalty to Richard.

² *The worst is worldly loss, &c.*] The worst thou canst unfold is worldly loss.

³ *Thin and hairless*] Some thin-haired, others hairless.

⁴ *Female*] Weak as women's.

Thy very beadsmen¹ learn to bend their bows
Of double-fatal² yew against thy state ;
Yea, distaff-women manage³ rusty bills
Against thy seat : both young and old rebel,
And all goes worse than I have power to tell.

K. Rich. Too well, too well, thou tell'st a tale so ill,⁴
Where is the earl of Wiltshire ? where is Bagot ?⁵
What is become of Bushy ? where is Green ?
That they have let the dangerous enemy
Measure our confines with such peaceful steps ?
If we prevail, their heads shall pay for it.
I warrant they have made peace with Bolingbroke.

Scroop. Peace have they made with him, indeed, my lord.

K. Rich. O villains, vipers, damned without redemption !

Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man !
Snakes, in my heart-blood warmed, that sting my heart !
Three Judases, each one thrice worse than Judas !
Would they make peace ? terrible hell make war
Upon their spotted souls for this offence !

Scroop. Sweet love, I see, changing his property,⁶

¹ *Beadsmen*] Pensioners bound to say prayers for their benefactor.

² *Double-fatal*] The yew-tree deadly in two ways : its leaves poisonous, and its wood used for making the archer's bow.

³ *Manage*] Handle ; wield.

⁴ *Too well, &c.*] Compare *Macbeth*, iv. 1, 'O, relation too nice, and yet too true.'

⁵ *Where is Bagot ?*] For *Bagot* Theobald proposed to read *he got*, because, according to Holinshed, Bagot escaped ; and only the other three, Bushy, Green, and the Earl of Wiltshire, as Aumerle presently reports, were beheaded ; and, moreover, Richard, in his next speech, refers to only *three* Judases.

⁶ *His property*] Its own proper nature.

Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate :
Again uncurse their souls ; their peace is made
With heads, and not with hands : those whom you curse
Have felt the worst of death's destroying wound,
And lie full low, graved in the hollow ground.

Aum. Is Bushy, Green, and the earl of Wiltshire, dead ?

Scroop. Yea, all of them at Bristol lost their heads.

Aum. Where is the duke my father with his power ?

K. Rich. No matter where. Of comfort no man speak :
Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs ;
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.
Let's choose executors, and talk of wills :
And yet not so,—for what can we bequeath,
Save our deposed bodies to the ground ?
Our lands, our lives, and all, are Bolingbroke's,
And nothing can we call our own but death,
And that small model¹ of the barren earth,
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
For Heaven's sake, let us sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of kings :—
How some have been deposed, some slain in war,
Some haunted by the ghosts they have deposed :
Some poisoned by their wives, some sleeping killed ;
All murdered.—For within the hollow crown
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
Keeps Death his court ; and there the antic sits,
Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp,—
Allowing him a breath, a little scene
To monarchise, be feared, and kill with looks ;
Infusing him with self and vain conceit,²
As if this flesh, which walls about our life,

¹ *Model*] Moulded heap.

² *Conceit*] *Self-conceit* here means notion or estimate of self.

Were brass impregnable,—and, humoured thus,¹
 Comes at the last, and with a little pin
 Bores through his castle wall, and—farewell king!
 Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
 With solemn reverence; throw away respect,
 Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty,
 For you have but mistook me all this while:
 I live with bread like you, feel want, taste grief,
 Need friends:
 Subjected thus,² how can you say to me
 I am a king?

Bishop. My lord, wise men ne'er sit and wail their woes,
 But presently prevent the ways to wail.
 To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength,
 Gives, in your weakness, strength unto your foe,
 And so your follies fight against yourself.
Fear, and be slain; no worse can come to *fight*:³
 And *fight and die* is death destroying death;
 Where *fearing-dying*⁴ pays death servile breath.

Aum. My father hath a power, inquire of him;
 And learn to make a body of a limb.

K. Rich. Thou chid'st me well:—Proud Bolingbroke, I
 come
 To change blows with thee for our day of doom.
 This ague-fit of fear is over-blown;
 An easy task it is to win our own.

¹ *Humoured thus, &c.*] While he is in this humour death comes.

² *Subjected thus*] The word *subjected* (made a subject) to denote dependent and liable, has an antithetic reference to the word *king* in the next line.

³ *To fight*] To fighting than to fearing. *Fight* is here an imperative, as *fear* is, but used like a noun, as if the Bishop had said, *substitute fight for fear and no worse can come.*

⁴ *Fearing-dying*] Fear and die; yielding to death through fear.

Say, Scroop, where lies our uncle with his power ?
 Speak sweetly, man, although thy looks be sour.

Scroop. Men judge by the complexion of the sky

The state and inclination of the day :

So may you by my dull and heavy eye,

My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say.

I play the torturer, by small and small
 To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken :—
 Your uncle York is joined with Bolingbroke,
 And all your northern castles yielded up,
 And all your southern gentlemen in arms
 Upon his party.¹

K. Rich. Thou hast said enough.—

Beshrew thee, cousin, which didst lead me forth [*To AUM.*

Of that sweet way I was in to despair !²

What say you now ? What comfort have we now ?

By heaven, I'll hate him everlastingly

That bids me be of comfort any more

Go to Flint castle ; there I'll pine away ;

A king, woe's slave, shall kingly woe obey.

That power I have, discharge ; and let them go

To ear the land³ that hath some hope to grow,

For I have none⁴ :—Let no man speak again⁵

¹ *Upon his party*] On his side. The phrase is common in Shakspeare.

² *Of that sweet way, &c.*] Out of that sweet way to despair I was in.

³ *That power, &c.*] Discharge those soldiers I have, and let them go to cultivate the land, &c. ; that is, go over to Bolingbroke. To ear meant to plough. Thus, in Scripture, Isai. xxx. 24, 'The oxen likewise . . . that ear the ground ;' and in *All's well that ends well*, i. 3, 'He that ears my land spares my team.'

⁴ *None*] No hope.

⁵ *Again*] In opposition. So, in Scripture, Tit. ii. 9, 'Not answering again.' The word is still in provincial use for *against*.

To alter this, for counsel is but vain.

Aum. My liege, one word.

K. Rich. He does me double wrong
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.
Discharge my followers, let them hence away,
From Richard's night to Bolingbroke's fair day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Wales. *Before Flint Castle.*

*Enter, with drum and colours, BOLINGBROKE and Forces ;
YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, and others*

Boling. So that by this intelligence we learn,
The Welshmen are dispersed ; and Salisbury
Is gone to meet the king, who lately landed,
With some few private friends, upon this coast.

North. The news is very fair and good, my lord ;
Richard, not far from hence, hath hid his head.

York. It would beseem the Lord Northumberland
To say *king* Richard. Alack the heavy day,
When such a sacred king should hide his head !

North. Your grace mistakes ;¹ only to be brief
Left I his title out.

York. The time hath been,
Would you have² been so brief with him, he would
Have been so brief with you, to shorten³ you,
For taking so the head, your whole head's length.

Boling. Mistake not, uncle, further than you should.

¹ *Mistakes*] Probably Shakspeare wrote *mistakes me*.

² *Would you have*] If you would have.

³ *To shorten*] As to shorten.

York. Take not,¹ good cousin, further than you should,
Lest you mis-take² :—The heavens are o'er our heads.

Boling. I know it, uncle; and oppose not myself
Against their will.—But who comes here?

Enter PERCY.

Welcome Harry: what, will not this castle yield?

Percy. The castle royally is manned, my lord,
Against thy entrance.

Boling. Royally?
Why, it contains no king?

Percy. Yes, my good lord,
It doth contain a king; king Richard lies
Within the limits of yon lime and stone:
And with him are the lord Aumerle, lord Salisbury,
Sir Stephen Scroop; besides a clergyman
Of holy reverence, who, I cannot learn.

North. Oh! belike it is the bishop of Carlisle.

Boling. Noble lord, [To NORTH.
Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle:
Through brazen trumpet send the breath of parle
Into his³ ruined ears, and thus deliver:
Henry Bolingbroke
On both his knees doth kiss king Richard's hand,
And sends allegiance and true faith of heart

¹ *Take not*] This refers to Bolingbroke's suspected design of usurping the throne.

² *Mis-take*] Take unjustly.

³ *His*] Its. *His* was anciently the neuter possessive. The modern form *its* came into partial use about the close of the 16th century. The word *itself* was a compound of *it* and *self*. Stephen Gosson, in *The Schoole of Abuse* (1579), says, 'Every insensible body else never rests, till it bring it self to his own home.'

To his most royal person : hither come¹
 Even at his feet to lay my arms and power ;
 Provided that, my banishment repealed,
 And lands restored again, be freely granted :²
 If not, I'll use the advantage of my power,
 And lay the summer's dust with showers of blood,
 Rained from the wounds of slaughtered Englishmen :
 The which, how far off from the mind of Bolingbroke
 It is, such³ crimson tempest should bedrench
 The fresh green lap of fair king Richard's land,
 My stooping duty tenderly shall show.
 Go, signify as much ; while here we march
 Upon the grassy carpet of this plain.

[NORTH. *advances to the castle with a trumpet.*

Let's march without the noise of threatening drum,
 That from this castle's tottered⁴ battlements
 Our fair appointments⁵ may be well perused.
 Methinks, king Richard and myself should meet
 With no less terror than the elements
 Of fire and water, when their thundering shock
 At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven.
 Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water :
 The rage be his, while on the earth I rain
 My waters ; on the earth, and not on him.⁶
 March on, and mark king Richard how he looks

¹ *Hither come*] I being come hither. Observe the change here from the third person to the first.

² *Be freely granted*] Be things freely granted.

³ *Such*] That such.

⁴ *Tottered*] Tottering. This is the reading of the two earliest copies. The other ancient copies have *tattered*.

⁵ *Appointments*] Equipments.

⁶ *Not on him*] That is, to quench him.

A parle sounded, and answered by another trumpet within.
Flourish. Enter on the walls KING RICHARD, the BISHOP
OF CARLISLE, AUMERLE, SCROOP, and SALISBURY.

Boling. See, see, king Richard doth himself appear,
As doth the blushing discontented sun,
From out the fiery portal of the east,
When he perceives the envious clouds are bent
To dim his glory, and to stain the track
Of his bright passage to the occident.

York. Yet looks he like a king; behold, his eye,
As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth
Controlling majesty: Alack, alack, for woe,
That any harm should stain so fair a show!

K. Rich. We are amazed; and thus long have we stood
To watch the fearful bending of thy knee, [To NORTH.
Because we thought ourself thy lawful king:
And if we be, how dare thy joints forget
To pay their awful duty to our presence?
If we be not, show us the hand of God
That hath dismissed us from our stewardship;
For well we know, no hand of blood and bone
Can gripe the sacred handle of our sceptre,
Unless he do profane, steal, or usurp.
And though you think that all, as you have done,
Have torn their souls,¹ by turning them from us,
And we are barren, and bereft of friends,—
Yet know, my master, God omnipotent,
Is mustering in his clouds, on our behalf,
Armies of pestilence; and they shall strike
Your children yet unborn and unbegot,

¹ *Torn their souls*] A metaphor derived from tearing a written bond.

That lift¹ your vassal hands against my head,
 And threat the glory of my precious crown.
 Tell Bolingbroke, (for yond, methinks, he stands,)
 That every stride he makes upon my land
 Is dangerous treason: He is come to ope
 The purple testament² of bleeding war;
 But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,
 Ten thousand bloody crowns of mother's sons
 Shall ill become the flower of England's face,
 Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace
 To scarlet indignation, and bedew
 Her pastures' grass with faithful English blood.

North. The king of heaven forbid our lord the king
 Should so with civil and uncivil³ arms
 Be rushed upon! Thy thrice-noble cousin,
 Harry Bolingbroke, doth humbly kiss thy hand;
 And by the honourable tomb he swears,
 That stands upon your royal grandsire's bones;
 And by the royalties of both your bloods,
 Currents that spring from one most gracious head;
 And by the buried hand of warlike Gaunt,
 And by the worth and honour of himself,
 Comprising all that may be sworn or said,—
 His coming hither hath no further scope,
 Than for his lineal royalties, and to beg
 Enfranchisement immediate on his knees;

¹ *That lift*] The antecedent to the relative *that* is *your*. We now allow a relative pronoun to have as its antecedent the possessive case of a noun, but only the nominative or objective of a personal pronoun. Examples of the ancient usage occur in the liturgy: thus, 'In thy sight, who livest, &c.'

² *To ope the purple testament*] To open and cause to be put in execution the red-stained will.

³ *Civil and uncivil*] Civil in one sense, not civil in another.

⁴ *That stands, &c.*] In Westminster Abbey.

Which on thy royal party ¹ granted once,
 His glittering arms he will commend to rust,
 His barbed steeds to stables, and his heart
 To faithful service of your majesty.
 This swears he, as he is a prince, is just; ²
 And, as I am a gentleman, I credit him.

K. Rich. Northumberland, say,—thus the king re-
 turns: ³—

His noble cousin is right welcome hither;
 And all the number of his fair demands
 Shall be accomplished without contradiction:
 With all the gracious utterance thou hast,
 Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends.—
 We do debase ourself, cousin, do we not, [*To AUMERLE.*
 To look so poorly, and to speak so fair?
 Shall we call back Northumberland, and send
 Defiance to the traitor, and so die?

Aum. No, good my lord; let's fight with gentle words,
 Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful swords.

K. Rich. O God! O God! that e'er this tongue of mine,
 That laid the sentence of dread banishment
 On yon proud man, should take it off again
 With words of sooth! ⁴ O, that I were as great
 As is my grief, or lesser than my name!
 Or that I could forget what I have been!
 Or not remember what I must be now!

Swell'st thou, proud heart? I'll give thee scope to beat,
 Since foes have scope to beat both thee and me.

¹ *Party*] Part, or side.

² *Just*] Sincere.

³ *Returns*] Returns answer, replies.

⁴ *Sooth*] Soothing; concession.—The word primarily means truth. The meaning here may have reference to the word *sooth* being so customarily employed in endeavours to make excuse.

Aum. Northumberland comes back from Bolingbroke.

K. Rich. What must the king do now? Must he submit?

The king shall do it. Must he be deposed?

The king shall be contented: Must he lose

The name of king? o' God's name, let it go:

I'll give my jewels for a set of beads,¹

My gorgeous palace for a hermitage,

My gay apparel for an alms-man's gown,

My figured goblets for a dish of wood,

My sceptre for a palmer's walking staff,

And my large kingdom for a little grave,

A little little grave, an obscure grave:—

Or I'll be buried in the king's highway,

Some way of common trade,² where subjects' feet

May hourly trample on their sovereign's head:

For on my heart they tread, now whilst I live;

And, buried once, why not upon my head?

Aumerle, thou weep'st: my tender-hearted cousin!—

We'll make foul weather with despised tears;

Our sighs and they shall lodge³ the summer corn,

And make a dearth in this revolting land.

Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,

And make some pretty match with shedding tears?

As thus;—To drop them still⁴ upon one place,

¹ *A set of beads*] To be used, as by a hermit, or beadsman, in saying prayers.

² *Common trade*] Common passage. So in *K. Henry VIII.*, v. 1, 'Stand in the gap and trade of more preferments.' In *The Merchant of Venice*, iii. 4, we have 'The common ferry which trades to Venice.' The word *trade*, in modern usage, has a secondary meaning.

³ *Shall lodge*] Shall, like wind and rain, throw down, or lay.

⁴ *Still*] Continually.

Till they have fretted¹ us a pair of graves
Within the earth ; and, therein laid,—*There lies*
Two kinsmen, digged² their graves with weeping eyes ?
Would not this ill do well ?—Well, well, I see
I talk but idly, and you mock at me.—
Most mighty prince, my lord Northumberland,
What says king Bolingbroke ? will his majesty
Give Richard leave to live till Richard die ?
You make a leg,³ and Bolingbroke says—ay.

North. My lord, in the base court⁴ he doth attend
To speak with you ; may't please you to come down ?

K. Rich. *Down ?* down I come, like glistering Phaeton,
Wanting the manage of⁵ unruly jades.

[*NORTH. retires to BOLING.*

In the base court ? Base court, where kings grow base,
To come at traitors' call, and do them grace.

In the base court ? Come down ? Down court ! Down
king !

For night-owls shriek where mounting larks should sing.

[*Exeunt from above.*

Boling. What says his majesty ?

North. Sorrow and grief of heart
Makes him speak fondly,⁶ like a frantic man :
Yet he is come.

¹ *Fretted*] Worn ; eaten out.

² *Digged*] Who digged. See p. 5, note 9.

³ *You make a leg, &c.*] Do *you* make obeisance to him, and Bolingbroke will say *ay*. The word *ay*, meaning *yea* or *yes*, is *I* in the old copies, and was usually so printed ; hence the quibbling in this line between the words *you* and *I*. See also note 3, p. 91.

⁴ *The base court*] The outer court : which was lower than that within the building. From the French, *basse cour*.

⁵ *Wanting the manage of*] Not having skill or power to manage. The story of Phaeton is told in Ovid, *Metam.* ii.

⁶ *Fondly*] In a silly manner.

Enter KING RICHARD, and his Attendants, below.

Boling. Stand all apart,
And show fair duty to his majesty.—

My gracious lord,— [Kneeling.

K. Rich. Fair cousin, you debase your princely knee,
To make the base earth proud with kissing it :
Me rather had¹ my heart might feel your love,
Than my unpleased eye see your courtesy.
Up cousin, up ; your heart is up, I know,
Thus high at least [*touching his own head*], although your
knee be low.

Boling. My gracious lord, I come but for mine own.

K. Rich. Your own is yours, and I am yours, and all.

Boling. So far be mine, my most redoubted lord,
As my true service shall deserve your love.

K. Rich. Well you deserve :—They well deserve to
have
That know the strong'st and surest way to get.
Uncle, give me your hand [*To York*] : nay, dry your
eyes ;

Tears show their love, but want their remedies.²—

Cousin, I am too young to be your father,

Though you are old enough to be my heir.

What you will have I'll give, and willing too ;

For do we must what force will have us do.—

Set on towards London :—Cousin, is it so ?

¹ *Me rather had, &c.*] It had (i.e. would have) me rather that, &c. This is an old impersonal usage, equivalent to *I had rather* ; the similar expressions *methinks* (still in use), and *meseems*, are the examples of most frequent occurrence. *Methinks*, from the Saxon verb *thincan* to seem, means *it seems to me*.

² *Want their remedies*] Desire that the occasion of their being shed may be taken away.

Boling. Yea, my good lord.

K. Rich. Then I must not say no.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Langley. *The Duke of York's Garden.*

Enter the QUEEN and two Ladies.

Queen. What sport shall we devise here in this garden,
To drive away the heavy thought of care?

1 Lady. Madam, we'll play at bowls.

Queen. 'Twill make me think the world is full of rubs,¹
And that my fortune runs against the bias.

1 Lady. Madam, we'll dance.

Queen. My legs can keep no measure in delight,
When my poor heart no measure keeps in grief:
Therefore, no dancing, girl; some other sport.

1 Lady. Madam, we'll tell tales.

Queen. Of joy, or grief?

1 Lady. Of either, madam.

Queen. Of neither, girl:

For if of joy, being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of sorrow;
Or if of grief, being altogether had,²
It adds more sorrow to my want of joy:
For what I have I need not to repeat;³
And what I want it boots not to complain.

1 Lady. Madam, I'll sing.

Queen. 'Tis well that thou hast cause;
But thou shouldst please me better wouldst thou weep.

¹ *Rubs*] A rub, in a bowling alley, was an obstacle that might stop or bias the ball.

² *Altogether had*] All that I have.

³ *Repeat*] Have over again.

1 *Lady*. I could weep, madam, would it do you good.

Queen. And I could sing would weeping do me good,
And never borrow any tear of thee.¹

But stay, here come the gardeners :

Let's step into the shadow of these trees.—

Enter a Gardener and two Servants.

My wretchedness unto a row of pins,²

They'll talk of state : for every one doth so

Against ³ a change : Woe is forerun with woe.⁴

[*QUEEN and Ladies retire.*

Gard. Go, bind thou up yon' dangling apricocks,

Which, like unruly children, make their sire

Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight .

Give some supportance to the bending twigs.

Go thou, and, like an executioner,

Cut off the heads of too-fast-growing sprays,

That look too lofty in our commonwealth :

All must be even in our government.

You thus employed, I will go root away

The noisome weeds, that without profit suck

The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.

1 *Serv.* Why should we, in the compass of a pale,

Keep law, and form, and due proportion,

Showing, as in a model, our firm estate ?⁵

¹ *And I could sing, &c.*] And I could sing, if my trouble could be so easily alleviated as by weeping, and then I should not ask you to weep for me.

² *My wretchedness, &c.*] This is in ironical imitation of the practice of staking a high value against a low one.

³ *Against*] In the prospect of.

⁴ *Woe is forerun, &c.*] Calamity is anticipated by sorrow ; or sorrow is the harbinger of calamity.

⁵ *Showing, &c.*] Showing, as in similitude, our position here to be one of unresisted control.

When our sea-walled garden, the whole land,
Is full of weeds; her fairest flowers choked up,
Her fruit-trees all unpruned, her hedges ruined,
Her knots¹ disordered, and her wholesome herbs
Swarming with caterpillars?

Gard.

Hold thy peace:—

He that hath suffered this disordered spring²
Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf:
The weeds, that his broad-spreading leaves did shelter,
That seemed, in eating him,³ to hold him up,
Are plucked up, root and all, by Bolingbroke;
I mean the earl of Wiltshire, Bushy, Green.

1 *Serv.* What, are they dead?

Gard.

They are; and Bolingbroke
Hath seized the wasteful king.—Oh! what pity is it,
That he had not so trimmed and dressed his land,
As we this garden! We at time of year
Do wound the bark, the skin of our fruit-trees;
Lest, being over-proud in sap and blood,
With too much riches it confound itself:
Had he done so to great and growing men,
They might have lived to bear, and he to taste,
Their fruits of duty. Superfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughs may live:
Had he done so, himself had borne the crown,
Which waste and idle hours hath quite thrown down.

1 *Serv.* What, think you then the king shall be deposed?

¹ *Knots*] These were intricate and fantastical figures in which flower beds used to be laid out.

² *Spring*] Growth.

³ *In eating him*] While depriving his roots of nourishment. Compare the last two lines of the gardener's first speech. The Earl of Wiltshire, &c., to whom Richard leased his realm, *seemed to hold him up* by supplying him with present money.

Gard. Depressed he is already ; and deposed,
'Tis doubt,¹ he will be. Letters came last night
To a dear friend of the good duke of York's,
That tell black tidings.

Queen. O, I am pressed to death² through want of
speaking !—
Thou, old Adam's likeness [*coming forward*], set to dress
this garden,
How dares thy harsh-rude tongue sound this displeasing
news?

What Eve, what serpent, hath suggested³ thee
To make a second fall of cursed man ?⁴
Why dost thou say king Richard is deposed ?
Dar'st thou, thou little better thing than earth,
Divine his downfall ? Say where, when, and how
Cam'st thou by these ill-tidings ? speak, thou wretch.

Gard. Pardon me, madam : little joy have I
To breathe this news : yet what I say is true.
King Richard, he is in the mighty hold
Of Bolingbroke ; their fortunes both are weighed :
In your lord's scale is nothing but himself,
And some few vanities that make him light ;
But in the balance of great Bolingbroke,
Besides himself, are all the English peers,
And with that odds he weighs king Richard down.
Post you to London, and you'll find it so :
I speak no more than every one doth know.

Queen. Nimble mischance, that art so light of foot,
Doth not thy embassy belong to me,

¹ *Doubt*] Suspected.

² *Pressed to death*] An allusion to the punishment of pressing to death by laying heavy weights on the body.

³ *Suggested*] Prompted. See p. 8, note 2.

⁴ *Cursed man*] Man already cursed on account of the first fall.

And am I last that knows it? O, thou think'st
To serve me last, that I may longest keep
Thy sorrow in my breast. Come, ladies, go,
To meet at London London's king in woe.
What, was I born to this, that my sad look
Should grace the triumph of great Bolingbroke?
Gardener, for telling me this news of woe,
Pray God the plants thou graft'st may never grow.

[*Exeunt* QUEEN and Ladies.]

Gard. Poor queen! so that thy state might be no worse,
I would my skill were subject to thy curse.—
Here did she fall a tear; here, in this place,
I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace:¹
Rue, even for ruth, here shortly shall be seen,
In the remembrance of a weeping queen. [*Exeunt.*]

¹ *Rue, sour herb of grace*] Rue used to be worn as a token of regret for departed friends. It was called herb of grace, or herb-grace, as being worn also in seasons of religious penitence. 'We may call it herb-grace o' Sundays.'—*Hamlet*, iv. 5.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—London. Westminster Hall. *The Lords spiritual on the right side of the throne; the Lords temporal on the left; the Commons below.*

Enter BOLINGBROKE, AUMERLE, SURREY, NORTHUMBERLAND, PERCY, FITZWATER, another Lord, BISHOP OF CARLISLE, ABBOT OF WESTMINSTER, and Attendants. Officers behind with BAGOT.

Boling. Call forth Bagot.

Now, Bagot, freely speak thy mind;
What thou dost know of noble Gloster's death;
Who wrought it with the king,¹ and who performed
The bloody office of his timeless² end.

Bagot. Then set before my face the lord Aumerle.

Boling. Cousin, stand forth, and look upon that man.

Bagot. My lord Aumerle, I know your daring tongue
Scorns to unsay what once it hath delivered.
In that dead time when Gloster's death was plotted,
I heard you say,—*Is not my arm of length,
That reacheth from the restful English court³
As far as Calais, to my uncle's head?*—

¹ *Wrought it with the king*] Influenced the king to sanction it.

² *Timeless*] Untimely,

³ *From the restful English court*] Without my needing to move from the English court. *Restful* is stationary. It was an old saying, that kings have long arms.

Amongst much other talk, that very time,
I heard you say, that you had rather refuse
The offer of an hundred thousand crowns,
Than Bolingbroke's return¹ to England;
Adding withal, how blessed this land would be
In this your cousin's death.

Aum. Princes, and noble lords
What answer shall I make to this base man?
Shall I so much dishonour my fair stars,²
On equal terms to give him chastisement?
Either I must, or have mine honour soiled
With the attainder of his slanderous lips.
There is my gage, the manual seal³ of death,
That marks thee out for hell: I say, thou liest
And will maintain what thou hast said is false,
In thy heart-blood, though being all too base
To stain the temper of my knightly sword.

Boling. Bagot, forbear, thou shalt not take it up.

Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the best
In all this presence, that hath moved me so.

Fitz. If that thy valour stand on sympathy,⁴
There is my gage, Aumerle, in gage to thine:
By that fair sun that shows me where thou stand'st,
I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spak'st it,
That thou wert cause of noble Gloster's death.
If thou deny'st it, twenty times thou liest;

¹ *Than Bolingbroke's return*] Than that Bolingbroke should return.

² *My fair stars*] That dignity which my propitious stars assigned to me at my birth.

³ *Manual seal*] A double allusion, viz., to the glove, and to the sign-manual of a sovereign.

⁴ *Stand on sympathy*] Would cope with rank corresponding to thine own.

And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart,
Where it was forged, with my rapier's point.¹

Aum. Thou dar'st not, coward, live to see the day.

Fitz. Now, by my soul, I would it were this hour.

Aum. Fitzwater, thou art damned to hell for this.

Percy. Aumerle, thou liest; his honour is as true,
In this appeal, as thou art all unjust:

And, that thou art so, there I throw my gage,
To prove it on thee to the extremest point
Of mortal breathing,² seize it, if thou dar'st.

Aum. And if I do not, may my hands rot off,
And never brandish more revengeful steel
Over the glittering helmet of my foe!

Lord. I task the earth to the like,³ forsworn Aumerle;
And spur thee on with full as many lies
As may be holla'd in thy treacherous ear
From sun to sun: there is my honour's pawn;
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.

Aum. Who sets me else?⁴ by heaven, I'll throw at all:⁵
I have a thousand spirits in one breast,
To answer twenty thousand such as you.

Surrey. My lord Fitzwater, I do remember well
The very time Aumerle and you did talk.

Fitz. 'Tis very true: you were in presence then;
And you can witness with me, this is true.

¹ *Rapier's point*] The rapier (but not so early as in the time of Richard II.) superseded the sword and buckler, which were consigned to vulgar use.

² *To the extremest point, &c.*] This was called *to the utterance*, Fr. *à l'outrance*.

³ *I task the earth, &c.*] I engage the earth to bear the like trial of battle.

⁴ *Who sets me else?*] Who else sets a match with me?

⁵ *I'll throw at all*] I'll throw down my gage at all. The expression is borrowed from the language of the gaming table.

Surrey. As false, by heaven, as heaven itself is true.

Fitz. Surrey, thou liest.

Surrey. Dishonourable boy
That lie shall lie so heavy on my sword,
That it shall render vengeance and revenge,
Till thou the lie-giver, and that lie, do lie
In earth as quiet as thy father's skull.
In proof whereof, there is my honour's pawn;
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.

Fitz. How fondly¹ dost thou spur a forward horse!
If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,
I dare meet Surrey in a wilderness,²
And spit upon him, whilst I say he lies,
And lies, and lies: there is my bond of faith,
To tie thee to³ my strong correction.
As I intend to thrive in this new world,⁴
Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal:
Besides, I heard the banished Norfolk say
That thou, Aumerle, didst send two of thy men
To execute the noble duke at Calais.

Aum. Some honest Christian trust me with a gage,
That Norfolk lies: here do I throw down this,
If he may be repealed to try his honour.

Boling. These differences shall all rest under gage,
Till Norfolk be repealed: repealed he shall be,
And, though mine enemy, restored again
To all his land and seignories; when he's returned,
Against Aumerle we will enforce his trial.

¹ *Fondly*] Foolishly.

² *I dare meet Surrey, &c.*] Compare *Macbeth*, iii. 4, 'Dare me to the desert,' that is, to a place uninhabited, where there are none to interpose with prevention or with help.

³ *To tie thee to*] To oblige thee to undergo.

⁴ *New world*] New state of things.

Bishop. That honourable day shall ne'er be seen.
Many a time hath banished Norfolk fought
For Jesu Christ, in glorious Christian field,
Streaming the ensign of the Christian cross,
Against black pagans, Turks, and Saracens:
And, toiled with works of war, retired himself
To Italy; and there, at Venice,¹ gave
His body to that pleasant country's earth,
And his pure soul unto his captain Christ,
Under whose colours he had fought so long.

Boling. Why, bishop, is Norfolk dead?

Bishop. As surely as I live, my lord.

Boling. Sweet peace conduct his sweet soul to the bosom
Of good old Abraham!—Lords appellants,
Your differences shall all rest under gage,
Till we assign you to your days of trial.

Enter YORK, attended.

York. Great duke of Lancaster, I come to thee
From plume-plucked Richard; who with willing soul
Adopts thee heir, and his high sceptre yields
To the possession of thy royal hand:
Ascend his throne, descending now from him,—
And long live Henry, of that name the fourth!

Boling. In God's name, I'll ascend the regal throne.

Bishop. Marry, Heaven forbid!—
Worst in this royal presence may I speak,
Yet best beseeeming me to speak the truth,²
Would God, that any in this noble presence
Were enough noble to be upright judge

¹ *At Venice*] Norfolk died there of grief, in 1400.

² *Yet best beseeeming, &c.*] Yet to declare the truth best belongs
to me as a spiritual peer.

Of noble Richard ; then true noblesse would
Learn him forbearance from so foul a wrong.
What subject can give sentence on his king ?
And who sits here that is not Richard's subject ?
Thieves are not judged but they are by to hear,
Although apparent ¹ guilt be seen in them :
And shall the figure of God's majesty,
His captain, steward, deputy elect,
Anointed, crowned, planted many years,
Be judged by subject and inferior breath,
And he himself not present ? O, forbend it, God,
That, in a Christian climate, souls refined
Should show so heinous, black, obscene a deed !
I speak to subjects ; and a subject speaks,
Stirred up by Heaven, thus boldly for his king.
My lord of Hereford here, whom you call king,
Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's king :
And if you crown him, let me prophesy,—
The blood of English shall manure the ground,
And future ages groan for this foul act ;
Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels,
And, in this seat of peace, tumultuous wars
Shall kin with kin and kind with kind confound ;
Disorder, horror, fear, and mutiny,
Shall here inhabit, and this land be called
The field of Golgotha and dead men's skulls.
O, if you raise this house against this house,
It will the woofullest division ² prove
That ever fell upon this cursed earth :
Prevent it, resist it, let it not be so,
Lest child, child's children, cry against you—woe !

North. Well have you argued, sir ; and, for your pains,

¹ *Apparent*] Manifest.

² *The woofullest division*] This anticipates the wars of the roses.

Of capital treason we arrest you here:
My lord of Westminster, be it your charge
To keep him safely till his day of trial.

May it please you, lords, to grant the commons' suit?

Boling. Fetch hither Richard, that in common view
He may surrender; so we shall proceed
Without suspicion.

York. I will be his conduct. [*Exit.*

Boling. Lords, you that here are under our arrest,
Procure your sureties for your days of answer:
Little are we beholden to your love, [*To CARLISLE.*
And little looked for at your helping hands.

*Re-enter YORK, with KING RICHARD, and Officers bearing
the crown, &c.*

K. Rich. Alack, why am I sent for to a king,
Before I have shook off the regal thoughts
Wherewith I reigned? I hardly yet have learned
To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my limbs:—
Give sorrow leave awhile to tutor me
To this submission. Yet I well remember
The favours¹ of these men: Were they not mine?
Did they not sometime² cry, *all hail!* to me?
So Judas did to Christ: but he, in twelve,
Found truth in all but one; I, in twelve thousand, none.
God save the king!—Will no man say *Amen*?
Am I both priest and clerk? well then, *Amen*.
God save the king! although I be not he;³
And yet, *Amen*, if heaven do think him me.—

¹ *Favours*] Faces.

² *Scmetime*] At one time; lately. A common meaning in old authors.

³ *Although I be not he*] Even if I be not the king.

To do what service am I sent for hither?

York. To do that office, of thine own good will,
Which tired majesty did make thee offer,—
The resignation of thy state and crown
To Henry Bolingbroke.

K. Rich. Give me the crown:—Here, cousin, seize the
crown;

On this side my hand, and on that side yours.
Now is this golden crown like a deep well,
That owes¹ two buckets, filling one another;
The emptier ever dancing in the air,
The other down, unseen, and full of water:
That bucket down, and full of tears, am I,
Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on high.

Boling. I thought you had been willing to resign.

K. Rich. My crown I am, but still my griefs are mine:
You may my glories and my state depose,
But not my griefs; still am I king of those.

Boling. Part of your cares you give me with your
crown.

K. Rich. Your cares set up do not pluck my cares down.
My care is—loss of care by old care done;
Your care is—gain of care by new care won:
The cares I give I have, though given away;
They tend² the crown, yet still with me they stay.

Boling. Are you contented to resign the crown?

K. Rich. Ay, no;—no, ay;³ for I must nothing be;
Therefore no no, for I resign to thee.

Now mark me how I will undo myself:—
I give this heavy weight from off my head,

¹ *Owes*] Has.

² *Tend*] Attend.

³ *Ay, no;—no, ay*] The old spelling is 'I, no; no, I,' which shows the point of the word-play in this line and the next.

And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand,
 The pride of kingly sway from out my heart ;
 With mine own tears I wash away my balm,
 With mine own hands I give away my crown,
 With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,
 With mine own breath release all duties, rites : ¹
 All pomp and majesty I do forswear ;
 My manors, rents, revenues, I forego ;
 My acts, decrees, and statutes, I deny :
 God pardon all oaths that are broke to me !
 God keep all vows unbroke that swear ² to thee !
 Make me, that nothing have, with nothing grieved ;
 And thou ³ with all pleased, that hast all achieved !
 Long mayst thou live in Richard's seat to sit,
 And soon lie Richard in an earthy pit !
 God save King Henry, unkinged Richard says,
 And send him many years of sunshine days !
 What more remains ?

North. No more, but that you read
 [Offering a paper.]

These accusations, and these grievous crimes,
 Committed by your person and your followers,
 Against the state and profit ⁴ of this land ;
 That, by confessing them, the souls of men
 May deem that you are worthily deposed.

K. Rich. Must I do so ? and must I ravel out

¹ *Duties, rites*] Perhaps Shakspeare intended *duty's rites*. The folio has 'duteous oaths.'

² *That swear*] *Vows that swear* means vows that express oaths. The folio, however, alters 'that swear' to 'are made,' which is harsh. It is usual enough for Shakspeare to omit relative pronouns of the nominative case, but then he generally makes the antecedent immediately precede the ellipsis.

³ *Thou*] The grammar requires *thee*.

⁴ *State and profit*] Constitution and prosperity.

My weaved-up follies? Gentle Northumberland
If thy offences were upon record,
Would it not shame thee, in so fair a troop
To read a lecture of them? If thou wouldst,
There shouldst thou find one heinous article,
Containing the deposing of a king,
And cracking the strong warrant of an oath,
Marked with a blot, damned in the book of heaven:—
Nay, all of you, that stand and look upon,¹
Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait myself,²
Though some of you, with Pilate, wash your hands,
Showing an outward pity; yet you Pilates
Have here delivered me to my sour³ cross,
And water cannot wash away your sin.

North. My lord, despatch; read o'er these articles.

K. Rich. Mine eyes are full of tears, I cannot see:
And yet salt water blinds them not so much,
But they can see a sort⁴ of traitors here.
Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myself,
I find myself a traitor with the rest:
For I have given here my soul's consent
To undeck the pompous body of a king;
Made glory base, and sovereignty a slave;
Proud majesty a subject; state a peasant.

North. My lord,—

K. Rich. No lord of thine, thou haught, insulting man,
Nor no man's lord; I have no name, no title,
No, not that name was given me at the font,⁵

¹ *Look upon*] Look on: where *on* is an adverb.

² *Bait myself*] As a dog baits a bear.

³ *Sour*] Bitter.

⁴ *A sort*] A pack; a party.

⁵ *Not that name, &c.*] It is not very obvious how Richard's baptismal name could be usurped. Perhaps the meaning is that Bolingbroke, as it were, annulled the birth-right of Richard.

But 'tis usurped.—Alack the heavy day,
 That I have worn so many winters out,
 And know not now what name to call myself!
 O, that I were a mockery king of snow,
 Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke,
 To melt myself away in water-drops!—
 Good king,—great king,—and yet not greatly good,
 An if my name be sterling yet in England,
 Let it command a mirror hither straight,
 That it may show me what a face I have,
 Since it is bankrupt of his majesty.¹

Boling. Go some of you, and fetch a looking-glass.
 [Exit an Attendant.]

North. Read o'er this paper, while² the glass doth come.

K. Rich. Fiend! thou torment'st me ere I come to hell.

Boling. Urge it no more, my lord Northumberland.

North. The commons will not then be satisfied.

K. Rich. They shall be satisfied: I'll read enough,
 When I do see the very book indeed
 Where all my sins are writ, and that's myself.

Re-enter Attendant with a glass.

Give me that glass, and therein will I read.
 No deeper wrinkles yet? Hath sorrow struck
 So many blows upon this face of mine,
 And made no deeper wounds?—O, flattering glass,
 Like to my followers in prosperity,
 Thou dost beguile me! Was this face the face
 That every day under his household roof
 Did keep ten thousand men? Was this the face
 That, like the sun, did make beholders wink?

¹ *His majesty*] Its majesty.

² *While*] Till. See p. 21, note 3.

Was this the face that faced so many follies,
And was at last outfaced by Bolingbroke?
A brittle glory shineth in this face:
As brittle as the glory is the face;
[*Dashes the glass against the ground.*

For there it is, cracked in an hundred shivers.
Mark, silent king, the moral of this sport,—
How soon my sorrow hath destroyed my face.

Boling. The shadow of your sorrow hath destroyed
The shadow of your face.

K. Rich. Say that again.

The shadow of my sorrow? ¹ Ha! let's see:—
'Tis very true, my grief lies all within;
And these external manners of lament
Are merely shadows to the unseen grief,
That swells with silence in the tortured soul;
There lies the substance: and I thank thee, king,
For thy great bounty, that not only giv'st
Me cause to wail, but teachest me the way
How to lament the cause. I'll beg one boon,
And then begone, and trouble you no more.
Shall I obtain it?

Boling. Name it, fair cousin.

K. Rich. Fair cousin? I am greater than a king:
For when I was a king, my flatterers
Were then but subjects; being now a subject,
I have a king here to my flatterer.
Being so great, I have no need to beg

Boling. Yet ask.

K. Rich. And shall I have?

Boling. You shall.

¹ *The shadow of your sorrow, &c.]* An outward manner of showing
your sorrow has destroyed the reflected image of your face.

K. Rich. Then give me leave to go

Boling. Whither?

K. Rich. Whither you will, so I were from your sights.

Boling. Go, some of you, convey him to the Tower.

K. Rich. O, good! *Convey*¹—Conveyers are you all,
That rise thus nimbly by a true king's fall.

[*Exeunt* K. RICHARD, some Lords, and a Guard.]

Boling. On Wednesday next, we solemnly set down
Our coronation: lords, prepare yourselves.

[*Exeunt all but the* ABBOT, BISHOP OF CARLISLE,
and AUMERLE.]

Abbot. A woeful pageant have we here beheld.

Car. The woe's to come; the children yet unborn
Shall feel this day as sharp to them as thorn.

Aum. You holy clergymen, is there no plot
To rid the realm of this pernicious blot?

Abbot. Before I freely speak my mind herein,
You shall not only take the sacrament
To bury² mine intents, but to effect
Whatever I shall happen to devise:—
I see your brows are full of discontent,
Your hearts of sorrow, and your eyes of tears:
Come home with me to supper; I will lay
A plot shall show us all a merry day. [*Exeunt.*]

¹ *Convey*] Conveying was often used to mean stealing, or secret-
ing; conveying away as a thief does, or as a conjuror by sleight of
hand. In *Merry Wives*, i. 3, Nym having used the word *steal*,
Pistol says, '*Convey* the wise it call.'

² *To bury*] Swearing that you will bury.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—London. *A Street leading to the Tower.*

Enter QUEEN and Ladies.

Queen. This way the king will come; this is the way
To Julius Cæsar's ill-erected¹ tower,
To whose flint bosom my condemned lord
Is doomed a prisoner by proud Bolingbroke:
Here let us rest, if this rebellious earth
Have any resting for her true king's queen.

Enter KING RICHARD and Guards.

But soft, but see, or rather do not see,
My fair rose wither: yet, look up; behold;
That you in pity may dissolve to dew,
And wash him fresh again with true-love tears.
Ah, thou, the model where old Troy did stand;²
Thou map of honour; thou king Richard's tomb,
And not king Richard; thou most beauteous inn,³
Why should hard-favoured⁴ grief be lodged in thee,
When triumph is become an alehouse guest?

¹ *Ill-erected*] *Ill* here means unfortunately, unluckily.

² *The model, &c.*] The parallel of Troy's desolate site.

³ *Inn*] This word refers to a house of entertainment of the best class, being contrasted with *alehouse*.

⁴ *Hard-favoured*] Hard-featured. So in *K. Henry V.*, iii. 1, 'Disguise fair nature with hard-favoured rage.'

K. Rich. Join not with grief, fair woman, do not so,
To make my end too sudden : learn, good soul,
To think our former state a happy dream ;
From which awaked, the truth of what we are
Shows us but this :¹ I am sworn brother,² sweet,
To grim necessity ; and he and I
Will keep a league till death. Hie thee to France,
And cloister thee in some religious house :
Our holy lives must win a new world's crown,
Which our profane hours here have stricken down.

Queen. What, is my Richard both in shape and mind
Transformed and weakened ? Hath Bolingbroke
Deposed thine intellect ? Hath he been in thy heart ?
The lion, dying, thrusteth forth his paw,
And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage
To be o'erpowered ; and wilt thou, pupil-like,
Take thy correction mildly ? kiss the rod,
And fawn on rage with base humility,
Which art a lion, and a king of beasts ?

K. Rich. A king of beasts, indeed ! if aught but beasts,
I had been still a happy king of men.
Good sometime queen,³ prepare thee hence for France :
Think I am dead ; and that even here thou tak'st,
As from my death-bed, my last living leave.
In winter's tedious nights sit by the fire
With good old folks ; and let them tell thee tales
Of woeful ages, long ago betid :
And, ere thou bid good night, to quit their grief,⁴

¹ *Shows us but this*] Shows us to be but this.

² *Sworn brother*] Like one of two men who have become *fratres jurati*, mutually sworn to share fortunes together in travel, or in some enterprise.

³ *Good sometime queen*] Good my late queen.

⁴ *To quit their grief*] To requite their 'woeful tales.'

Tell thou the lamentable tale of me,
 And send the hearers weeping to their beds.
 For why, the senseless brands will sympathise¹
 The heavy accent of thy moving² tongue,
 And, in compassion, weep the fire³ out:
 And some will mourn in ashes, some coal-black,
 For the deposing of a royal king.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, attended.

North. My lord, the mind of Bolingbroke is changed;
 You must to Pomfret, not unto the Tower.
 And, madam, there is order ta'en⁴ for you:
 With all swift speed you must away to France.

K. Rich. Northumberland, thou ladder wherewithal
 The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne,
 The time shall not be many hours of age
 More than it is, ere foul sin, gathering head,
 Shall break into corruption. Thou shalt think,
 Though he divide the realm, and give thee half,
 It is too little, helping him⁵ to all:
 And he shall think that thou, which know'st the way
 To plant unrightful kings, wilt know again,
 Being ne'er so little urged,⁶ another way
 To pluck him headlong from the usurped throne.

¹ *Sympathise*] Commiserate; compassionate.

² *Moving*] Affecting.

³ *Fire*] This word is here metrically a dissyllable. Our poet very often makes dissyllables of such words as *fire*, *hour*, &c., and as often divides into two the last orthoepic syllable of such words as *nation*, *patience*, *ocean*, &c. See the first two lines of p. 10.

⁴ *Order ta'en*] Arrangement made.

⁵ *Helping him*] Thou having helped him.

⁶ *Ne'er so little urged*] Ever so slightly instigated.

The love of wicked friends converts ¹ to fear;
That fear to hate; and hate turns one, or both,
To worthy ² danger, and deserved death.

North. My guilt be on my head, and there an end.
Take leave, and part; for you must part ³ forthwith.

K. Rich. Doubly divorced?—Bad men, ye violate
A twofold marriage;—'twixt my crown and me,
And then betwixt me and my married wife.

Let me unkiss the oath 'twixt thee and me;

And yet not so, for with a kiss 'twas made.⁴

Part us, Northumberland: I towards the north,
Where shivering cold and sickness pines the clime;
My wife to France; from whence, set forth in pomp,
She came adorned hither like sweet May;
Sent back like Hallowmas, or short'st of day.

Queen. And must we be divided? must we part?

K. Rich. Ay, hand from hand, my love, and heart from
heart.

Queen. Banish us both, and send the king with me.

North. That were some love, but little policy.

Queen. Then whither he goes, thither let me go.

K. Rich. So two, together weeping, make one woe.
Weep thou for me in France, I for thee here;
Better far off than—near be ne'er the near.⁵

¹ *Converts*] Becomes changed. So in Act v. sc. 3, 'The overflow of good converts to bad,' and in *Macbeth*, iv. 3, 'Let grief convert to anger.'

² *Worthy*] Worthily or deservedly incurred.

³ *Part*] Depart. Fr. *partir*. 'My soul shall part to heaven.'
K. Richard III., ii. 1.

⁴ *With a kiss 'twas made*] A kiss always formed part of the ancient ceremony of affiancing.

⁵ *Than near be ne'er, &c.*] Than that near should be never the nearer. The word *near* is originally a comparative, and the modern *nearer* is a double comparative. See p. 63, note 4.

Go, count thy way with sighs ; I mine with groans.

Queen. So longest way shall have the longest moans.

K. Rich. Twice for one step I'll groan, the way being short,

And piece the way out with a heavy heart.

Come, come, in wooing sorrow let's be brief,

Since, wedding it, there is such length in grief.

One kiss shall stop our mouths, and dumbly part ;

Thus give I mine, and thus take I thy heart. [*They kiss*

Queen. Give me mine own again ; 'twere no good part,
To take on me to keep, and kill thy heart.¹ [*Kiss again.*

So, now I have mine own again, begone,

That I may strive to kill it with a groan.

K. Rich. We make woe wanton with this fond delay ;
Once more, adieu ; the rest let sorrow say. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room in the Duke of York's Palace.*

Enter YORK and his DUCHESS.

Duch. My lord, you told me you would tell the rest,
When weeping made you break the story off,
Of our two cousins coming into London.

York. Where did I leave ?

Duch. At that sad stop, my lord,
Where rude misgoverned hands, from windows' tops,
Threw dust and rubbish on king Richard's head.

York. Then, as I said, the duke, great Bolingbroke,
Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,
Which his aspiring rider seemed to know,

¹ *To take on me, &c.] To undertake to keep thy heart, and nevertheless kill it.*

With slow but stately pace kept on his course,
While all tongues cried—*God save thee, Bolingbroke!*
You would have thought the very windows spake,
So many greedy looks of young and old
Through casements darted their desiring eyes
Upon his visage; and that all the walls
With painted imagery¹ had said at once,—
Jesu preserve thee! welcome, Bolingbroke!
Whilst he, from one side to the other turning,
Bare-headed, lower than his proud steed's neck,
Bespake them thus,—*I thank you, countrymen:*
And thus still doing, thus he passed along.

Duch. Alack, poor Richard! where rode he the whilst?

York. As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-graced actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious:—
Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
Did scowl on Richard: no man cried, God save him;
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home:
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head;
Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,
His face still combating with tears and smiles,
The badges of his grief and patience,
That had not God, for some strong purpose, steeled
The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,
And barbarism itself have pitied him.
But heaven hath a hand in these events;
To whose high will we bound our calm contents.
To Bolingbroke are we sworn subjects now,
Whose state and honour I for aye allow.

¹ *With painted imagery*] The 'looks of young and old through casements' made the walls of houses appear like the tapestries or painted cloths with which apartments used to be hung.

Enter AUMERLE.

Duch. Here comes my son Aumerle.

York. Aumerle that was;¹
But that is lost for being Richard's friend,
And, madam, you must call him Rutland now:
I am in parliament pledge for his truth
And lasting fealty to the new-made king.

Duch. Welcome, my son: Who are the violets now
That strew the green lap of the new-come spring?

Aum. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not;
God knows, I had as lief be none, as one.

York. Well, bear you well in this new spring of time,
Lest you be cropt before you come to prime.
What news from Oxford? Hold those justs and triumphs?²

Aum. For aught I know, my lord, they do.

York. You will be there, I know.

Aum. If God prevent it not; I purpose so.

York. What seal is that that hangs³ without thy bosom?
Yea, look'st thou pale? let me see the writing.

Aum. My lord, 'tis nothing.

York. No matter then who sees it:
I will be satisfied,—let me see the writing.

Aum. I do beseech your grace to pardon me;
It is a matter of small consequence,
Which for some reasons I would not have seen.

York. Which for some reasons, sir, I mean to see.
I fear, I fear,—

¹ *Aumerle that was*] See Hist. Notes, viii.

² *Hold those justs and triumphs?*] Are those jousts and martial displays really to take place? This refers to the 'martial pastime' at Oxford, devised by the conspirators against Henry's life, at the Abbot's house at Westminster.

³ *That hangs*] This refers to the old practice of appending to a deed or bond a loop of parchment bearing the seal.

Duch. What should you fear?

'Tis nothing but some bond that he is entered into
For gay apparel, 'gainst the triumph day.

York. Bound to himself? what doth he with a bond
That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a fool.—
Boy, let me see the writing.

Aum. I do beseech you, pardon me; I may not show it.

York. I will be satisfied; let me see it, I say.

[*Snatches it, and reads.*

Treason! foul treason!—villain! traitor! slave!

Duch. What's the matter, my lord?

York. Ho! who's within there?

Enter a Servant.

Saddle my horse.

Heaven for his mercy! what treachery is here!

Duch. Why, what is't, my lord!

York. Give me my boots, I say; saddle my horse:—
Now by my honour, by my life, my troth,
I will appeach¹ the villain. [*Exit Servant.*

Duch. What's the matter?

York. Peace, foolish woman.

Duch. I will not peace:²—What is the matter, son?

Aum. Good mother, be content; it is no more
Than my poor life must answer.

Duch. Thy life answer?

Re-enter Servant, with boots.

York. Bring me my boots, I will unto the king.

Duch. Strike him, Aumerle.—Poor boy, thou art amazed:
Hence, villain! never more come in my sight.—

[*To the Servant.*

¹ *Appeach*] Bring an accusation against.

² *Peace*] The word is here transferred from York's speech with the sense of *keep peace*.

York. Give me my boots, I say.

Duch. Why, York, what wilt thou do?
Wilt thou not hide the trespass of thine own?
Have we more sons?¹ or are we like to have?
Is not my teeming date drunk up with time?
And wilt thou pluck my fair son from mine age,
And rob me of a happy mother's name?
Is he not like thee? is he not thine own?

York. Thou fond mad woman,
Wilt thou conceal this dark conspiracy?
A dozen of them here have ta'en the sacrament,
And interchangeably set down their hands,
To kill the king at Oxford.

Duch. He shall be none;
We'll keep him here: Then what is that to him?

York. Away, fond woman! were he twenty times my
son,
I would appeach him.

Duch. Hadst thou groaned for him,
As I have done, thou'dst be more pitiful.
But now I know thy mind; thou dost suspect
That I have been disloyal to thy bed,
And that he is a bastard, not thy son:
Sweet York, sweet husband, be not of that mind:
He is as like thee as a man may be,
Not like to me, nor any of my kin,
And yet I love him.

York. Make way, unruly woman. [*Exit.*]

Duch. After, Aumerle! mount thee upon his horse;
Spur, post, and get before him to the king,
And beg thy pardon ere he do accuse thee.

¹ *Have we more sons?*] Shakspeare here ignores the existence of another son, Richard, Earl of Cambridge.

I'll not be long behind: though I be old,
I doubt not but to ride as fast as York;
And never will I rise up from the ground,
Till Bolingbroke have pardoned thee: Away!
Begone! [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—Windsor. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter BOLINGBROKE, as King; PERCY, and other Lords.

Boling. Can no man tell of my unthrifty son? ¹
'Tis full three months since I did see him last:
If any plague hang over us, 'tis he.
I would to Heaven, my lords, he might be found:
Inquire at London, 'mongst the taverns there,
For there, they say, he daily doth frequent,
With unrestrained loose companions—
Even such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes,
And beat our watch, and rob our passengers;
While he, young, wanton, and effeminate boy,
Takes on the point of honour, to support
So dissolute a crew.

Percy. My lord, some two days since I saw the prince,
And told him of these triumphs held at Oxford.

Boling. And what said the gallant?

Percy. His answer was—he would unto the stews,
And from the commonest creature pluck a glove,
And wear it as a favour; and with that
He would unhorse the lustiest challenger.

Boling. As dissolute as desperate: yet through both
I see some sparkles of a better hope,

¹ *My unthrifty son*] Afterwards Henry V., now only twelve years old.

Which elder days may happily bring forth.
But who comes here ?

Enter AUMERLE, hastily.

Aum. Where is the king ?

Boling. What means
Our cousin, that he stares and looks so wildly ?

Aum. God save your grace. I do beseech your majesty,
To have some conference with your grace alone.

Boling. Withdraw yourselves, and leave us here alone.

[Exeunt PERCY and Lords.]

What is the matter with our cousin now ?

Aum. For ever may my knees grow to the earth,
[Kneels.]

My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth,
Unless a pardon, ere I rise, or speak.

Boling. Intended, or committed, was this fault ?
If on the first, how heinous e'er it be,
To win thy after-love, I pardon thee.

Aum. Then give me leave that I may turn the key,
That no man enter till my tale be done.

Boling. Have thy desire. *[AUMERLE locks the door.]*

York. *[Without.]* My liege, beware ; look to thyself ;
Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there.

Boling. Villain, I'll make thee safe. *[Drawing.]*

Aum. Stay thy revengeful hand ;
Thou hast no cause to fear.

York. *[Without.]* Open the door, secure,¹ fool-hardy
king ;
Shall I, for love, speak treason² to thy face ?
Open the door, or I will break it open.

[BOLINGBROKE opens the door.]

¹ *Secure*] Heedless.

² *Speak treason*] Use strong language like that of treason.

Enter YORK.

Boling. What is the matter, uncle? Speak;
Recover breath; tell us how near is danger,
That we may arm us to encounter it.

York. Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt know
The treason that my haste forbids me show.

Aum. Remember, as thou read'st, thy promise past:
I do repent me; read not my name there,
My heart is not confederate with my hand.

York. It was, villain, ere thy hand did set it down.—
I tore it from the traitor's bosom, king;
Fear, and not love, begets his penitence:
Forget to pity him, lest thy pity prove
A serpent that will sting thee to the heart.

Boling. O heinous, strong, and bold conspiracy!
O loyal father of a treacherous son!
Thou sheer,¹ immaculate, and silver fountain,
From whence this stream through muddy passages
Hath held his current, and defiled himself;
Thy overflow of good converts² to bad;
And thy abundant goodness shall excuse
This deadly blot in thy digressing son.

York. So shall my virtue be his vice's bawd;
And he shall spend mine honour with his shame,
As thriftless sons their scraping fathers' gold.
Mine honour lives when his dishonour dies,
Or my shamed life in his dishonour lies;
Thou kill'st me in his life, giving him breath,
The traitor lives, the true man's put to death.

Duch. [*Without.*] What ho, my liege! for Heaven's
sake let me in.

¹ *Sheer*] Pure.

² *Converts*] Becomes changed. This intransitive use of the verb was formerly common. See p. 100, note 1.

Boling. What shrill-voiced suppliant makes this eager cry?

Duch. A woman, and thine aunt, great king; 'tis I.
Speak with me, pity me, open the door;
A beggar begs that never begged before.

Boling. Our scene is altered from a serious thing,
And now changed to *The Beggar and the King*.¹
My dangerous cousin, let your mother in;
I know she's come to pray for your foul sin.

York. If thou do pardon, whosoever pray,
More sins, for this forgiveness, prosper may.
This festered joint cut off, the rest rests sound;
This, let alone, will all the rest confound.

Enter DUCHESS.

Duch. O king, believe not this hard-hearted man;
Love loving not itself none other can.²

York. Thou frantic woman, what dost thou make
here? ³

Shall thy old dugs once more a traitor rear?

Duch. Sweet York, be patient. Hear me, gentle liege.
[*Kneels.*

Boling. Rise up, good aunt.

Duch. Not yet, I thee beseech:
For ever will I kneel upon my knees,
And never see day that the happy sees,
Till thou give joy; until thou bid me joy,
By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing boy.

¹ *The Beggar and the King*] An allusion to the old ballad of *King Cophetua*, which will be found in Percy's *Reliques*.

² *None other can*] Can love no one else.

³ *What dost thou make here?*] Wherefore dost thou come here?
What means for what, like the Latin *quid*. See the Editor's *As you Like it*, p. 4, note 3.

Aum. Unto¹ my mother's prayers I bend my knee.
[*Kneels.*

York. Against them both my true joints bended be.
[*Kneels.*

Ill mayst thou thrive, if thou grant any grace!

Duch. Pleads he in earnest? look upon his face;
His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are in jest;
His words come from his mouth, ours from our breast:
He prays but faintly, and would be denied;
We pray with heart, and soul, and all beside:
His weary joints would gladly rise, I know;
Our knees shall kneel till to the ground they grow:
His prayers are full of false hypocrisy;
Ours of true zeal and deep integrity.

Our prayers do out-pray his; then let them have
That mercy which true prayers ought to have.

Boling. Good aunt, stand up.

Duch. Nay, do not say—*stand up*;
Say pardon, first, and afterwards, *stand up*.

An if I were thy nurse, thy tongue to teach,

Pardon should be the first word of thy speech.

I never longed to hear a word till now:

Say *pardon*, king: let pity teach thee how:

The word is short, but not so short as sweet;

No word like *pardon* for kings' mouths so meet.²

York. Speak it in French,³ king: say, *pardonnez-moi*.

¹ *Unto*] In addition to. 'A greater gift! O that's the sword to it.' *K. Richard III.*, iii. 1.

² *For kings' mouths, &c.*] Compare Portia's commendation of mercy in *The Merchant of Venice*, iv. 1, 'It becomes the throned monarch better than his crown.'

³ *Speak it in French*] That is, refuse pardon. The expression *Pardonnez-moi* is a form of begging to be excused for not complying with a request.

Duch. Dost thou teach pardon pardon to destroy?
Ah, my sour husband, my hard-hearted lord,
That sett'st the word itself against the word!
Speak pardon as 'tis current in our land;
The chopping¹ French we do not understand.
Thine eye begins to speak, set thy tongue there:²
Or, in thy piteous heart plant thou thine ear;
That, hearing how our complaints and prayers do pierce,
Pity, may move thee pardon to rehearse.

Boling. Good aunt, stand up.

Duch. I do not sue to stand,
Pardon is all the suit I have in hand.

Boling. I pardon him, as heaven shall pardon me.

Duch. O happy vantage³ of a kneeling knee!
Yet am I sick for fear: speak it again;
Twice saying pardon doth not pardon twain,
But makes one pardon strong.

Boling. With all my heart
I pardon him.

Duch. A god on earth thou art.

Boling. But for our trusty brother-in-law,⁴ and the
abbot,
With all the rest of that consorted crew,
Destruction straight shall dog them at the heels.
Good uncle, help to order⁵ several powers
To Oxford, or where'er these traitors are:

¹ *Chopping*] Changing; inconstant. To *chop* meant to exchange as in barter. To *chop logic* is to interchange arguments.

² *Set thy tongue there*] Let thy tongue utter thine eye's meaning.

³ *Vantage*] This word is here used on account of the *kneeling knee* not being a posture of vantage in striving with an enemy.

⁴ *Brother-in-law*] John, Earl of Huntingdon, who married Elizabeth, daughter of John of Gaunt, and was one of the conspirators.

⁵ *To order*] To put in marching order.

They shall not live within this world, I swear,
But I will have them, if I once know where.

Uncle, farewell,—and cousin, too, adieu:

Your mother well hath prayed, and prove you true.

Duch. Come, my old son; ¹—I pray Heaven make thee
new. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The same.*

Enter EXTON *and a* Servant.

Exton. Didst thou not mark the king, what words he
spake?

Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear?

Was it not so?

Serv. Those were his very words.

Exton. *Have I no friend?* quoth he: he spake it twice.
And urged it twice together; did he not?

Serv. He did.

Exton. And speaking it, he wistly looked on me,
As who should say,²—I would thou wert the man
That would divorce this terror from my heart:—
Meaning the king at Pomfret. Come, let's go;
I am the king's friend, and will rid his foe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Pomfret. *The Dungeon of the Castle.*

Enter KING RICHARD.

K. Rich. I have been studying how to compare
This prison where I live unto the world:

¹ *My old son*] *Old*, which is here a term of endearment, is used
to make way for the contrasting adjective *new*.

² *As who should say*] As one who would say; as if he said.
This form of words frequently occurs in Shakspeare.

And, for because the world is populous,
 And here is not a creature but myself,
 I cannot do it;—yet I'll hammer it out.
 My brain I'll prove the female to my soul
 My soul, the father: and these two beget
 A generation of still-breeding¹ thoughts,
 And these same thoughts people this little world;²
 In humours³ like the people of this world,
 For no thought is contented.⁴ The better sort,—
 As thoughts of things divine,—are intermixed
 With scruples,⁵ and do set the word itself
 Against the word;
 As thus,—*Come, little ones*;⁶ and then again,—
It is as hard to come, as for a camel
*To thread the postern of a needle's eye.*⁷
 Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot
 Unlikely wonders: how these vain weak nails

¹ *Still-breeding*] Continuously breeding.

² *This little world*] Alluding to the ancient fancy that man is a microcosmus or little world in himself, composed of elements corresponding to the world in which he lives.

³ *In humours*] The complexion, that is, disposition, of man was supposed by the old physicians to be constituted by a particular mixture of the four humours, phlegm, blood, choler, and melancholy. In *Julius Cæsar*, v. 5, Antony says of Brutus—

‘His life was gentle; and the elements
 So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up
 And say to all the world—*This was a man.*’

⁴ *Contented*] At rest; at ease.

⁵ *Scruples*] Uncertainties; doubts.

⁶ *Come, little ones*] There is here a reference to the apparent inconsistency between the Scriptural invitations to come, and assertions of the impossibility of coming.

⁷ *To thread the postern, &c.*] An allusion to ‘the strait gate’

May tear a passage through the flinty ribs
 Of this hard world, my ragged prison walls;
 And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.
 Thoughts tending to content, flatter themselves
 That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,
 Nor shall not be the last; like silly beggars,
 Who, sitting in the stocks, refuge their shame,
 That many have, and others must sit there :¹
 And in this thought they find a kind of ease,
 Bearing their own misfortunes on the back
 Of such as have before endured the like.
 Thus play I, in one person, many people,
 And none contented. Sometimes am I king;
 Then treason makes me wish myself a beggar;
 And so I am. Then crushing penury
 Persuades me I was better when a king;
 Then am I kinged again: and, by-and-by,
 Think that I am unkinged by Bolingbroke,
 And straight am nothing. But, whate'er I am,
 Nor I, nor any man that but man is,²
 With nothing shall be pleased till he be eased
 With being nothing. Music do I hear? [*Music.*
 Ha, ha! keep time:—How sour sweet music is
 compared to a needle's eye in Matt. xix. 24. To *thread* is to pass
 through.

‘Being pressed to the war,
 Even when the navel of the state was touched,
 They would not *thread the gates*.’—*Coriolanus*, iii. 1.

¹ *Refuge their shame, &c.*] Seek refuge for their shame by reflecting that many have sat, &c. Of Shakspeare's occasional confusion in his use of auxiliary verbs we have an example in *Henry VIII.*, iii. 2, ‘Am, have, and will be.’ See the Editor's note in his *Henry VIII.*, p. 110.

² *That but man is*] That is only man; that is a man at all.

When time is broke, and no proportion kept !
So is it in the music of men's lives.
And here have I the daintiness of ear,
To check time broke in a disordered string ;
But for the concord of my state and time,
Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.
I wasted time, and now doth time waste me.
For now hath time made me his numbering clock :
My thoughts are minutes, and with sighs they jar
Their watches on unto mine eyes,¹ the outward watch,
Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,
Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears.
Now, sir, the sounds that tell what hour it is
Are clamorous groans, that strike upon my heart,
Which is the bell : So sighs, and tears, and groans
Show minutes, times, and hours :² —but my time
Runs posting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,
While I stand fooling here, his Jack o' the clock.³
This music mads me ; let it sound no more ;
For, though it have help madmen to their wits,⁴
In me it seems it will make wise men mad.

¹ *They jar their watches on, &c.*] To *jar* means to tick. The watches are here regarded as signals passing, as it were, from one watchman to another, and finally reaching the eye as the outward watch, which is kept ever wakeful. The elaborate conceit which Shakspeare here puts into the mouth of the weak-minded Richard is very obscurely expressed.

² *Sighs and tears, &c.*] So in *As you Like it*, iii. 2, 'Sighing every minute, and groaning every hour, would detect the lazy foot of time as well as a clock.'

³ *Jack o' the clock*] An automaton which was anciently connected with some public clocks, and was seen to strike the hours. So in *K. Richard III.*, iv. 2, 'Like a Jack thou keep'st the stroke betwixt thy begging and my meditation.'

⁴ *Help madmen to their wits*] An allusion, probably, to the case

Yet blessing on his heart that gives it me !
 For 'tis a sign of love; and love to Richard
 Is a strange brooch¹ in this all-hating world

Enter Groom.

Groom. Hail, royal prince !

K. Rich.

Thanks, noble peer !²

The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.
 What art thou ? and how comest thou hither,
 Where no man ever comes, but that sad dog
 That brings me food, to make misfortune live ?

Groom. I was a poor groom of thy stable, king,
 When thou wert king ; who, travelling towards York,
 With much ado at length have gotten leave

of Saul, whose 'evil spirit' was charmed away by the harp of David.
 1 Samuel, xvi. 23.

¹ *A strange brooch*] The brooch, or ornamental buckle for the hat, was, according to Malone, out of fashion in Shakspeare's time. In *All's well that ends well*, i., 1, we have 'Richly suited, but unsuitable ; just like the brooch and the toothpick, which wear not now.'

² *Thanks, noble peer*] So in *The Merchant of Venice*, ii. 9, a servant asks, 'Where is my lady?' and Portia answers 'Here ; what would my lord ?' But the point of Portia's jest is in the liberty she takes with the pronoun in the title My lady. Similarly, in 1 *K. Henry IV.*, ii. 4, the hostess says, 'My lord the prince,' and he says 'How now, my lady the hostess ?' The expression 'noble peer' responds with a quibble to 'royal prince,' there being an allusion to the coins called *nobles* and *royals*, or rose-nobles : the value of the noble was 6s. 8d., that of the royal 10s., that is, ten groats more. In the continuation of the dialogue quoted above from *K. Henry IV.* the same jest occurs. It is thought to have originated in an anecdote related of Queen Elizabeth. Mr. John Blower, in a sermon before her Majesty, first said 'My royal Queen,' and shortly after, 'My noble Queen ;' upon which says the Queen, 'What ! am I ten groats worse than I was ?'

To look upon my sometime royal master's face.
O, how it yearned my heart, when I beheld¹
In London streets, that coronation day,
When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary!
That horse that thou so often hast bestrid;
That horse that I so carefully have dressed!

K. Rich. Rode he on Barbary? Tell me, gentle friend
How went he under him?

Groom. So proudly as if he disdained the ground.

K. Rich. So proud that Bolingbroke was on his back!
That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand;
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.
Would he not stumble? Would he not fall down,
(Since pride must have a fall,) and break the neck
Of that proud man that did usurp his back?
Forgiveness, horse! why do I rail on thee,
Since thou, created to be awed by man,
Wast born to bear? I was not made a horse;
And yet I bear a burthen like an ass,
Spur-galled and tired by jauncing² Bolingbroke.

Enter Keeper, with a dish.

Keep. Fellow, give place; here is no longer stay.
[To the Groom.

K. Rich. If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert away.

Groom. What my tongue dares not that my heart shall
say. [Exit.

Keep. My lord, will 't please you to fall to?

K. Rich. Taste of it first, as thou art wont to do.

¹ *I beheld*] This verb is intransitive, and means *looked on*, or *was a spectator*.

² *Jauncing*] Jolting. Fr. *Jancer*.

Keep. My lord, I dare not ; Sir Pierce of Exton,
Who lately came from the king, commands the contrary.

K. Rich. The devil take Henry of Lancaster and thee !
Patience is stale, and I am weary of it. [*Beats the Keeper*
Keep. Help, help, help !

Enter EXTON, and Servants, armed.

K. Rich. How now ? what means death in this rude
assault ?

Villain, thine own hand yields thy death's instrument.

[*Snatching a weapon, and killing one.*
Go thou, and fill another room in hell.

[*He kills another, then* EXTON *strikes him down.*
That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire,
That staggers thus my person.—Exton, thy fierce hand
Hath with the king's blood stained the king's own land.
Mount, mount, my soul ! thy seat is up on high ;
Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward here to die. [*Dies.*

Exton. As full of valour as of royal blood :
Both have I spilt ; O, would the deed were good !
For now the devil, that told me I did well,
Says that this deed is chronicled in hell.
This dead king to the living king I'll bear.
Take hence the rest, and give them burial here. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—Windsor. *A Room in the Castle.*

Flourish. *Enter* BOLINGBROKE and YORK, with Lords and
Attendants.

Boling. Kind uncle York, the latest news we hear
Is, that the rebels have consumed with fire

Our town of Cicester¹ in Glostershire ;
But whether they be ta'en, or slain, we hear not.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

Welcome, my lord : what is the news ?

North. First, to thy sacred state wish I all happiness.
The next news is,—I have to London sent
The heads of Salisbury, Spencer, Blunt, and Kent :
The manner of their taking may appear
At large discoursed in this paper here. [*Presenting a paper.*]

Boling. We thank thee, gentle Percy, for thy pains ;
And to thy worth will add right worthy gains.

Enter FITZWATER.

Fitz. My lord, I have from Oxfrd sent to London
The heads of Brocas and Sir Bennet Seely ;
Two of the dangerous consorted traitors
That sought at Oxford thy dire overthrow.

Boling. Thy pains, Fitzwater, shall not be forgot ;
Right noble is thy merit, well I wot.

Enter PERCY, with the BISHOP OF CARLISLE.

Percy. The grand conspirator, abbot of Westminster,
With clog of conscience and sour melancholy,
Hath yielded up his body to the grave ;
But here is Carlisle living, to abide
Thy kingly doom and sentence of his pride.

Boling. Carlisle, this is your doom :—
Choose out some secret place, some reverend room,
More than thou hast, and with it joy thy life ;²

¹ *Cicester*] So the name Cirencester is usually pronounced.

² *More than thou hast, &c.*] More so than thou hast now, and therewith enjoy thy life.

So, as thou liv'st in peace, die free from strife :
For though mine enemy thou hast ever been,
High sparks of honour in thee have I seen.

Enter EXTON, *with Attendants bearing a coffin.*

Exton. Great king, within this coffin I present
Thy buried fear; herein all breathless lies
The mightiest of thy greatest enemies,
Richard of Bordeaux, by me hither brought.

Boling. Exton, I thank thee not; for thou hast wrought
A deed of slander, with thy fatal hand,
Upon my head and all this famous land.

Exton. From your own mouth, my lord, did I this deed.

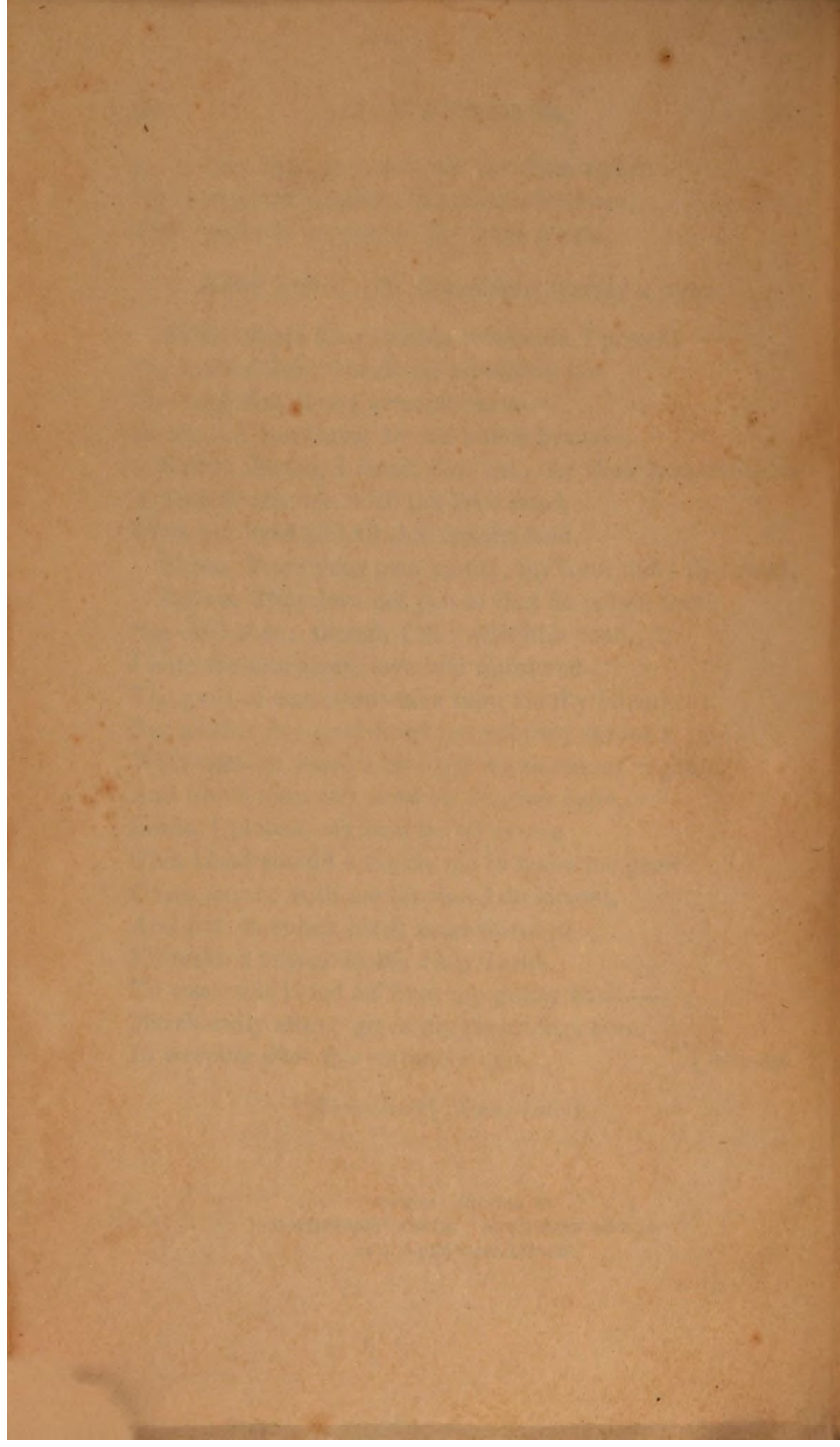
Boling. They love not poison that do poison need,
Nor do I thee; though I did wish him dead,
I hate the murderer, love him murdered.

The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,
But neither my good word nor princely favour :
With Cain go wander through the shades of night,
And never show thy head by day nor light.

Lords, I protest, my soul is full of woe
That blood should sprinkle me to make me grow :
Come, mourn with me for that I do lament,
And put on sullen black incontinent; ¹

I'll make a voyage to the Holy Land,
To wash this blood off from my guilty hand.—
March sadly after; grace my mournings here,
In weeping after this untimely bier. [Exeunt.

¹ *Incontinent*] Immediately.



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